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THE RED HORSE;

LONGFELLOW'S "WAYSIDE INN."

A N Elegy in a Country Tavern has yet to be written by some disciple of Mr. Gray, with chambers in Pump Court, instead of Pembroke College. When, therefore, I

jokes and sipped their punch so many years ago.

It is a never-failing delight to remember that these houses were once frequented by

sented at some of our first-class theatres. How we should stare to be accosted by some Jack Wilkes, Sam Foote, or Davy Garrick, in ruffles and laced waistcoat, with leg advanced



THE "WAYSIDE INN," SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

enter one of these old hostleries of famous repute, I feel inclined to remove my hat and repeat a mental *ave* to the departed company of glorious old fellows who cracked their

gentlemen in cocked-hats, bag-wigs, small-swords, and the like, and that the conversation, graceful and polished, was such as is now never heard except in legitimate comedy as pre-

in artistic pose, and negligently tapping a jeweled snuff-box! And how vapid our social chatter seems after a brilliant drawing-room conversation in "She Stoops to Con-

quer," or an evening with the author of the *Spectator*!

Epistolary correspondence is another lost art. Railway and telegraph have sucked all the marrow out of modern letter-writing, and left us nothing but the dry husks and watery commonplaces. The private correspondence of great men, once so rich in materials for the history of their time, has now become of so little moment as to render its examination scarce worth the making, except to autograph-hunters. Woe to the man so regardless of the fitness of things as to intrude into a business letter an expression of interest in the personal welfare of his correspondent! He is doomed beforehand. His very credit would be in jeopardy for his reckless disregard of the maxim of the day—namely, that "business is business." Yet, it is some consolation to know that the days of Fielding, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and Johnson, are not likely to be forgotten as easily as their dress and social customs have faded from recollection!

Some people have a mania for visiting apartments in which celebrated personages have succumbed to the grim foe of mortality. Others prefer the lugubrious associations of the church-yard, with its story of baffled hopes and, perhaps, happy release from a struggle for mere existence. To my mind, there is quite as much sense and far more poetry in communion with the grand old men of the past in the haunts of their happier hours, consecrated by the pleasantest of memories, and where the approaches of life's enemy were combated with unflagging stomachs. For the time, at least, we can put aside whatever might have embittered their lives, to listen to their formal toasts, their rattling chophouses, or sparkling wit, and maybe in one of those nightly carousals of which the present generation has little conception. For a *tit-for-tat* with phantoms my preference, as between the willows and dank grass of the church-yard, and a snug corner at the "Cock" or "Wayside," is unquestionably given to the latter.

What the subject is capable of has often been shown. We mount our palfrey in the court-yard of the Tabard with the Canterbury pilgrims, the company marshaled by

"Old Chaucer's boast, the goodly host,
Immortal Harry Bally!"

We loiter with Dryden at Will's Coffee-house, where he sits among the critics, the law-giver in all literary disputes. We enjoy many a hearty laugh at the Mitre, in Fleet Street, where Boswell tells us Johnson loved to sit up late—*à propos*, what a nice young man for a tea-party was Bozzy, and how we could have enjoyed seeing him snubbed by burly Sam!—and, last but not least, we linger about the rickety galleries of the White Hart, in the Borough, where Jack Cade made his headquarters, and Dickens first introduced us to Samuel Weller, the younger, and where the machinations of designing Alfred Jingle were thwarted by our *preux chevalier* Pickwick. A place in those days above the salt was no such bad thing after all.

Mr. Tennyson, in that inimitable monologue which has given additional relish to every Englishman's mutton-chops or pint of

port, has introduced us to his muse under the exhilarating influence of the blazing hearth and good cheer of the hostel. He tells the waiter, "a something pottle-bodied boy," that, when he dies—

"No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,
Shall show thee passed to heaven;
But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,
A pint-pot neatly graven."

Mine host has been celebrated in song and story in the most ancient chronicles and poetry. The heart instinctively warms at the mention of his name, for to his care was confided that most sensitive of organs—to wit, the stomach. Not one of these worthy landlords was ever known to fall, like Vatel, upon his sword, because there was not enough roast-meat. "He who sleeps dines," may pass for a proverb in France, but would have been rejected with scorn by our English ancestors—they would infinitely have preferred a lengthened vigil to the briefest period of fasting, and must always be well fed before being led to battle. All men must die; but, in order that the evil day may be averted as long as possible, all men must dine. Such was the philosophy of tavern-life.

The tavern occupied in the eighteenth century the place which the club does now, with the greater advantage that its doors were open to all comers. Any stranger might mingle in the general conversation, and, as the poor Irishman told Goldsmith, when instructing him how to live in London on thirty pounds a year, by spending twopence at a coffee-house you might be "in very good company" several hours every day.

What was characteristic of the old English inns may be applied with certain modifications to this side of the water. Signs swung in Cornhill, Broadway, or Chestnut Street, similar to those that creaked within a mile of Temple Bar. Bench and bar, merchants and tradesmen, assembled at the taverns to read their letters, discuss the latest phase of European politics, and exchange the current gossip. Literature we had none, but Pope, Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, and the rest, were as warmly criticised or lauded as they might have been in Longacre or Cheap. When George III. was king, the taverns became noted as political centres—nearly all the revolutionary measures being concerted in tavern-coteries or at the clubs. The Non-Importation Act originated at a private club; the destruction of the tea was planned in a tavern. The annals of some of these old inns would not be without interest in connection with certain passages of American history—such, for example, as the meeting of the delegates to the Philadelphia Congress of 1774, at Smith's City Tavern, before they walked to Carpenter's Hall to organize; or that never-to-be-forgotten leave-taking of his lieutenants, at Francis's Tavern, in New York, by Washington—a scene to which that of Fontainebleau bears no comparison.

In a secluded nook among the Middlesex hills, about an hour's ride by rail from Boston, is the ancient hostelry which Mr. Longfellow has made famous by his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." It is so embowered among the trees as not to be perceived until a sharp turn of the road brings you almost to the

door. And, when arrived there, so perfect is the sense of seclusion, that it is difficult to believe the now deserted road was ever a much-traveled highway. Nevertheless, the "Wayside"—or, to call things by their right names, the "Red Horse"—stands on the old post-route between Boston and the Connecticut River, over which a lumbering stage-coach once passed twice a week.

The region round about, though quiet enough now, is full of the records of more stirring times. Marlboro', Sudbury, and Lancaster, the neighboring towns, were wellnigh destroyed in 1676, during Philip's War; and Sudbury Fight has a monument above the graves of the English who fought and died near the spot. Not far from us Mount Nobscoot rears its green bulk, and, if we stand on its summit, we shall get rare glimpses of hill and vale, forest and stream, with floods of light and shade—a coloring never seen on canvas—and a vista of twenty miles of tranquil inland scenery. The climb is, perhaps, fatiguing; but once at the top, the scales of earth fall from our eyes, and we look forth on a scene of enchantment. Half a score of towns are sprinkled among the hills, the white spires kindled by the sunlight, standing out in relief against the dark masses of well-wooded hills. Groves of pines, their long, straight stems tufted with deeper green, cast dusky shadows along the warm upland slopes; and here, at our feet, the great Sudbury meadows are seamed with a shining belt of water, with patches of turquoise in its bosom, going quietly to its task at the mill yonder. Life itself seems more tolerable as we descend Nobscoot.

In his "Prelude," Mr. Longfellow has described some of the salient features of the "Wayside," not forgetting the "scutcheon of mine host, nor the "jovial rhymes" cut with a diamond on the window-pane.

The house is believed to have been built soon after 1680, having for nearly a century and a half been constantly a public-house, kept by generation after generation of the family of Howe. In respect to antiquity and continued public service, the "Red Horse" may, I think, claim precedence of any tavern in America. Its door was not closed to the traveler until 1860, after it had outlived its usefulness, and few customers passed its threshold. Across the broad space left for the road are the barns and outbuildings, near which stood the tall post on which the sign-board hung. "Look at the date!" says Thoreau, whose lungs expanded joyously in presence of the newly-discovered hostelry. The sign, in fact, bore the following inscription:

"D. H., 1680.
E. H., 1746.
A. Howe, 1796."

In a corner of the tap-room of the tavern stood the bar, railed off from the rest of the room, and furnished with a wooden portcullis, which might be raised or lowered at pleasure. The floor appeared well worn by the shuffling of many feet, and the thick oak-beams overhead had a deeper coloring, due perhaps to their long seasoning with the steam of spiced rum. As long ago as 1724, during Love-well's War, this tap-room was the rendezvous of the troop of horse that patrolled the roads

hereabouts—a band of steel-capped, buff-coated riders, who knew right well where good liquor was to be had. On the day of the battle of Lexington, the minute-men from Worcester, led by Timothy Bigelow, rested here a while, until the rumbling of Percy's cannon hurried them on to the front.

But, for all its traditions, the "Wayside" might have dozed away its declining years, forgotten of men, if Mr. Longfellow had not found it out, rekindled the fire on its cold hearth, and given it such custom as no hostelry since Chaucer's day has enjoyed.

The plan of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is not new, but is a reminiscence of the "De-cameron" of Boccaccio and of the "Canterbury Pilgrims." In the former the terrors of the plague hang over the merry company—an idea improved by Mr. Dickens, among others; but, in the latter, we have a right jovial company, composed in part of Knight, Squire, Prioress, Reeve, Sompnour, and Par-donore, with the host of the Tabard as guide, philosopher, and referee.

Mr. Longfellow's company is made up of landlord, student, Spanish Jew, Sicilian, musician, theologian, and poet, whose stories are told around a blazing wood-fire in the best room of the "Red Horse." One of the old bachelor brothers (Adam and Lyman Howe, the last descendants of a long line of landlords) tells us the story of "Paul Revere's Ride" in verse, that stirs the blood like a trumpet-call, and would have produced on some old Revolutionary pensioner the effect Béranger so sharply describes in the "Vieux Sergent"—

"Le sang remonte à son front qui grisonne,
Le vieux coursaier a senti l'aiguillon."

The rest of the company relate the wild legends of other climes, the roof-tree of the old inn furnishing the setting. At least four of their number are real characters, who were known to affect the quiet of the place, and the cakes and ale of mine host.

During a recent visit to the poet at his historic mansion in Cambridge, he talked pleasantly of his first introduction to the "Wayside" some thirty years ago. The stage then left town at three o'clock in the morning, reaching Sudbury Tavern for breakfast, a considerable portion of the route being thus traversed in darkness, and without the least idea who your companions inside might be. It was under circumstances thus unpossessing that he first made acquaintance with Howe's Tavern. He also narrated some of his experiences of stage-travel between Boston and Portland, when the "accommodation" took two days for the journey. In winter, this "accommodation" of illusory import was nothing more than an ordinary sleigh, with sides of bocking, which plunged into the cradle-holes, or struggled through the snow-drifts like a ship in a heavy sea. The stage then stopped for the night at Portsmouth, a place we do not forget in thinking of "Mistress Stavers" and the "Earl of Halifax."

While seated in the poet's study, my attention was drawn to some very good crayon portraits of such of our literary file-leaders as Emerson and Hawthorne, taken before

time and care had snatched the spiritual out of their faces. Another of Mr. Sumner, as he might have looked thirty years ago, thin-visaged, and with a deeply thoughtful expression, hung above the fireplace. There was, it is understood, a close sympathy between the poet and Mr. Sumner, whose death, like that of Agassiz, was to the former a personal bereavement.

None of the later photographs of Mr. Longfellow are at all satisfying. They represent a man older by a dozen years than he, with strongly-marked and somewhat harsh physiognomy. His face, on the contrary, possesses mobility, and beams with a benignity the camera has not caught. His complexion is warm, and in agreeable contrast with his hair and beard, both of which are white as snow and very abundant. He has neither the picturesque wildness of the British laureate, nor the patriarchal grandeur of the author of "Thanatopsis," who might, at any time within twenty years, have sat for Elijah, or one of the prophets. Mr. Longfellow's head impressed me like a study from one of the Greek antiques, classic and noble. His manner is frank and winning, without any of that overpowering self-consciousness with which some of our *literati* are hedged about!

But I had clean forgotten the "Red Horse," and it is now time to say *au revoir*. I do not forget that Taylor, the water-poet, once kept a public-house, or that Israel Putnam was a publican. In the Bible we read that the Saviour was laid in the manger because there was no more room at the inn in Bethlehem. The days of the hostelry are no more. In its stead have arisen the marble and plate-glass palaces, which make one shiver to look at them, and the chop-houses, which have made indigestion national; but when, as in the case of the "Wayside," we encounter one of these old inns high and dry in some forgotten byway, our thoughts go back to the era when the world enjoyed itself as well as it knew, and was content. Right glad am I that "Old Sudbury Inn," its oaks and its woodbine, have been embalmed in imperishable verse.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

A MIDDLE-AGED ROMANCE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

III.

FAR from being repelled by Jennie's refusal of the magazines, I sought her favorite haunts more persistently than ever; and thus I happened to discover that charming old garden, the existence of which I had never suspected, hid as it was behind a hedge of Spanish bayonet. I did not discover it a day too soon for my peace. Already the fame of Eade's Villa had gone abroad, and we began to have an influx of visitors that served the double purpose of relieving Miss Dorne from *ennui*, and me, in a measure, from *espionnage*. The little skiff was in constant requisition for voyages across the lake, to the great annoyance of the swans; there were picnics on the hills, and shopping excursions to Hawley for the purchase of mint-stick and pins; but boating did not agree with my con-

stitution; I detested picnics, and I hated Hawley. The people there will ask that uncivilized question, "How do you like Hawley?" a question that forces one to do violence either to veracity or to courtesy; so, when I saw them harnessing the unhappy mustang pony to the colonel's springless buggy, I made my escape to the garden, which, being as yet unregenerated by the whitewash brush and the pruning-knife, was not thrown open to the public. Colonel Eade was much chagrined to find me there. He apologized repeatedly for the neglected appearance of the walks and borders, declaring that another year should witness great improvements; but to my mind the garden was perfect. Nature there had her own sweet way with the shrubbery, giving to every bush its own peculiar shape and charm.

Such gardens are rare now; we group our callas and pelargoniums, our zonales and cinerarias upon our lawns, and I have no fault to find with this arrangement; it is effective and elegant, but it is not suggestive of that blissful era when I used to race barefooted about the long, broad walks, pulling the pinks with one hand, and catching butterflies with the other. If you never gathered a posy, nor chased butterflies in such a garden, "then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge." Now Eade's garden, with its cock's-combs and prince's-feathers, its hollyhocks and bachelor's-buttons, and its great tufts of pinks, with the butterflies constantly hovering about the borders, musical with murmuring bees, and redolent with the breath of aromatic plants, was a spot in which to renew one's youth. In these old gardens, where thyme and rue, and lavender and sweet-basil (I called it sweet *baisely* when I wore roundabouts, and I should like to call it so still), and all precious herbs grow among the flowers, a thousand endearing recollections awake at every step. My grandmother always put sprigs of lavender and thyme in her old-fashioned nosegays of pinks and tea-roses, and I liked to be reminded of the dear old lady who gave me so many shining "picayunes" and dimes before this "limber change," as an old negro of my acquaintance calls our fractional currency, was known.

The colonel, on those rare occasions when he came into the garden, would discourse grandly on the virtues of the different herbs, always taking off his hat, with mock reverence, to a bunch of sage, and quoting: "*Cur moritur homo cui sagina crescit in horlo!*" Sometimes he would repeat this hackneyed proverb reproachfully, sometimes with indignant emphasis, and sometimes, when he was recovering from the effects of a glass too much (for the old gentleman had his weakness), with a pathetic despair that made me wish he wouldn't. I think it was the only Latin he knew. Happily for me, the garden was not much to his taste, and Jennie and I had it all to ourselves, except on Sunday, when she and Miss Jarrall used to sit in the moulderings summerhouse and sing hymns, and I sat on the steps outside, and felt like a miserable sinner.

At first Jennie was very shy; but I soon won her favor by the interest I took in her turkeys, of which she had any number catching bugs among the squash-vines and cab-

bages, Mrs. Turkey being tied by one leg to a stake in the walk. The way those vicious old mothers hated me would have gratified my bitterest enemy. The dew, Jennie says, is fatal to young turkeys; so I made it my duty, every evening, to assist in driving them into their coops. It was an arduous task; but Jennie always looked so pretty, and laughed so merrily, that I felt repaid for my exertions. Miss Jarrall happened to surprise me, one evening, as I was marshaling my unruly brood through the asparagus-beds, and with illogical haste, truly feminine, she jumped to the conclusion that I must be deficient in intellect; as though it did not require the neatest strategical ability to induce young turkeys to march peaceably to their lodgings!

But I have the satisfaction of knowing that Jennie appreciated my efforts to serve her. After the turkeys were safely penned, she would sometimes sit with me on the broken steps of the summer-house, and I found in her all that intelligence and native refinement I had vainly sought in Blanche Dorne. After we came to know each other well, I was moved, once, to ask her if she liked to live at Eade's Villa. I shall never forget the look she gave me, nor the despairing droop of her figure, as she answered:

"No, no! How can I possibly like it?"

"Why, Jennie," said I, "it is a pretty place."

"Some of the people who come here are very rough," said she, with a sigh.

"But a girl of your spirit," said I, remembering the answer she had once given me, "can overaw[e] rough people."

"That is no reason why a girl of any delicacy should like to do it!" said she, with fire. "And then—and then," she continued, clasping her slender hands nervously, "it is such a pain to me to see my uncle paying court to these people for the sake of their patronage. Oh, dear!" She covered her face with her hands, and I, who would fain have comforted her, blundered out with—

"But, Jennie, your uncle is fond of you."

"Yes," said she, bitterly, "as part and parcel of Eade's Villa. Oh, I wish, I do wish, he would abandon this new whim of keeping a house for the public. Last summer there was a fishing-party here, and you can't imagine how rude they were. And uncle was so angry with me because I refused to sing for them. He said I was prudish, and that I would make his house unpopular. And tomorrow, ah, me! there is to be a ball here, and I must appear; I must, whether I like it or not."

Poor, poor Jennie! "By Heaven," I exclaimed, "this is no life for you, and escape is so easy! With your education and intelligence you could teach, if—if you are willing to teach."

"He gave me my education," said Jennie, very calmly now; "I could not desert him; I must try to be useful to him."

"If you married, you would leave him," I said.

"There is no question of my marrying," said she, somewhat haughtily, blushing and frowning. "I have been betrayed into expressing myself with too much freedom. You must not think that Colonel Eade is not kind

to me. He is my only relation, and it is my misfortune not to agree with him always."

"Ah, Jennie," I said, warmly, "I shall not abuse your confidence, even though it was involuntary; and you may rely upon my sympathy. Perhaps I am not competent to advise you; but there is Miss Jarrall—"

"Ah, Miss Jarrall," said she, with a smile; "I have no secrets from Miss Jarrall. She was my mother's school-friend. I do not know how I could have endured this summer without her."

"Ah, Jennie," I whispered, tenderly, "don't believe that Miss Jarrall is your only friend. If you could see my heart!"—I had possession of her little soft hand, and I don't know what I was going to say, for, in these unpremeditated moments, speech is an inspiration; but my inspiration was checked by the sudden appearance of Miss Coralie Dorne.

"Why, *deé-ah* me! Mr. Sevier," drawled the intruder, "who would have expected to find you *he-ah*?"

"Why," said I, nettled, "did you not come to seek me?"

"Yes, indeed! Mamma sent me. Blanche is going to ride the mustang, and mamma says she will not trust any one to lead him but you. How surprised she *will* be when I tell her in what company I found you!" she added, with a supercilious glance at Jennie, who reddened, I could see, even in the twilight.

"And won't she be still more surprised," said I, rudely, for I was in a rage, "when she finds me leading Miss Dorne around on the mustang?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, naively; "mamma says it seems the most natural thing in the world for you to be Blanche's—now, you know—cavalier."

I could see Jennie Eade bite her lips, and I was in a fury. "Miss Dorne," said I, "will be compelled to seek a substitute, for I am just now particularly anxious to learn Miss Eade's opinions on the merits of the 'Zend-Avesta'."

Jennie rose immediately, and I saw that she was displeased. "I will excuse you," she said, gravely.

"No, no!" said I, terribly afraid of falling a victim to Blanche and the mustang; "sit still, pray. I really wish to discuss the 'Zend-Avesta'—or any thing else," I added, hurriedly, in an undertone.

"I don't know what you mean," said Coralie, her little round eyes stretched to their utmost extent; "but I dare say Blanche would understand you, if you would go talk to her."

But I was deaf to that hint, and Coralie presently walked away, saying that she would tell mamma, a threat that did not alarm me as much as it should have done.

"Why did you say that?" said Jennie, reproachfully, as Coralie disappeared down the walk.

"Because it was the first thing that came into my head," I answered, boldly. "Would you have me declare to that devoted sister the rude, unwelcome truth that I shun Blanche Dorne as the plague? Don't you see the danger of trusting such a poll-parrot with

the precious truth? A little harmless fiction is safer far where so precocious a little gossip is to play reporter."

"I know the difference between a falsehood and a jest," said Jennie, gently; "but do you think that child does?"

To this potent question I could frame no answer. Had it been possible for me, still in doubt about myself, to explain to my conscientious reprobate the true reason why I would not obey Mrs. Dorne's summons, even she, I think, would have preferred not to confide the tender truth to the mercy of that irreverent Coralie.

The next morning Miss Jarrall invited me to walk with her, and I knew, therefore, that she had heard Miss Coralie Dorne's version of the "Zend-Avesta." I knew also, that she must be "dying" to express her mind, and I nervously beat her. She had always assumed that her two years' seniority gave her the right to call me to account; indeed, she assumes this right, on one ground or another, with every friend she has, so it is not for me to complain. Said she, without preamble or apology:

"I am surprised at you, my good sir! How dared you refuse to come? You were sent for to play the devoted. You should have seen that girl sitting on that vicious little pony, like patience on a monument, and mamma wagging her head and cautioning the precious one. My enjoyment of the scene had been complete, had you but appeared to lead the fair equestrienne round and round, while—"

"Thanks!" I interrupted; "but I am not disposed to play the lackey to Miss Dorne."

"In short," retorted Miss Jarrall, "you would prefer to play *Hercules* to some one else's *Omphale*. For my own part, I think leading a pony by the bridle, with a blooming girl seated in pretty terror on his back, while an admiring audience applauds, is quite as dignified and becoming for a man of your years as driving turkeys 'thorough bush, thorough brier,' with no one to behold your prowess but an unsophisticated country-girl."

"Miss Jarrall," I began, angrily, exaggerated more by her manner than by her words; but she interrupted me, saying, with provoking coolness:

"You needn't 'Miss Jarrall' me. I shall ventilate my mind, and then my conscience will be clear. It shall not be for lack of a friendly warning, sir, that you fail to make amends at the ball to-night for your rudeness last evening. Your neglect of Miss Dorne is too pointed not to create a misunderstanding."

"Do you wish to see me married to that chattering fashion-block?" I cried, impatiently.

"I said nothing about marriage," retorted she, sharply. "Is your head so full of matrimony that no other thoughts can find entrance? I suspected as much, though, when you invented that monstrous fable about the 'Zend-Avesta' yesterday evening, in order to throw dust in Coralie's eyes; but it only opened mine, sir, to your danger. I tell you, my friend" (and here Miss Jarrall became earnest and pathetic), "Jennie Eade

is a dear, good, little girl; the man that would pass her by for such a work of art as Mrs. Dorne's dove of a daughter, would deserve his fate; but that is no reason why you should play the Laird o' Cockpen."

"You forget," said I, "that you yourself pronounced me no bad match."

"Pooh!" said she, coolly, "I was not thinking of Jennie Eade then."

(This is the way with women; they are one and all like the little girl that refused to recognize a certain letter in the alphabet. "But, Tilly, Tilly," says mamma, "you know that is F." "Yes, I know it," says Tilly, with sublime and womanlike indifference to logical sequence, "I know it, but *I don't believe it*!" Even Jennie is not free from this spirit of self-contradiction.)

"Now," pursued Miss Jarrall, when, upon careful survey, she had ascertained that we were in no danger of interruption from Coralie, "I am going to give you some good advice."

"Don't!" said I, "for good, bad, or indifferent, you know I won't take it, unless, indeed, it jumps with my humor."

"Very well, then!" said Miss Jarrall, angrily. "I'll not waste it; I'll give it to Jennie Eade, and I'll see that *she takes it*. But don't blame me, that's all!"

We parted in wrath, and it was long before we were on friendly terms again; by which I would not be understood to say that we were not on speaking terms, for Miss Jarrall is not the woman to quarrel with her friends, and then to deny herself the gratification of saying "I told you so," or of making any other aggravating speech that might occur to her. This was not my first quarrel with Miss Jarrall, and I was not rash when I concluded that it would not be my last, yet it made me very uncomfortable. Not that I cared for her lectures or her wrath; I was used to both, as I was often called upon to hear her counsel, and was never willing to heed it. I did not care much for her parting threat, for, although I thought that in advising Jennie, Miss Jarrall, if it suited her purpose, would hardly hesitate to disparage me, I took comfort in the certainty that Jennie had a charitable habit of defending the absent, and one might be willing to be abused by Miss Jarrall in order to be defended by Jennie.

What really troubled me was the allusion to the Laird o' Cockpen. I knew that that audacious suitor had received a signal refusal, but that was only because he thought "favor w' wooin' was fashous to seek." What had I to do with the presumptuous laird, any way? What was Jennie Eade to me but a pleasant summer friend to relieve the tedium of idleness? Was I, who had so long withstood "fashion's brightest arts"—was I to succumb to this simple country-girl, who wore pink calico, and raised turkeys? Vain question! Ah, me! what was the cause of that nameless uneasiness, what was the secret of that accelerated action of my calm, well-regulated pulses, which warned me that my hour was come?

"Sweet vision! waited for so long!"

What cared I if she did wear pink calico? Had not Sarah, my economical sister with the

four little girls, told me again and again that it washes well?

"Thou com'st to cheer my waning"—

"youth," I interpolated, with a gasp—"not *not age*; I will acknowledge that my youth is waning." And then I decided that it would be well to see Jennie before Miss Jarrall could prejudice her against me. With this object in view, I strolled about the vicinity of the dairy; I lingered near the ballroom, where Colonel Eade was hanging wreaths and festoons with a liberal hand; I paced the long piazza for hours—until, at last, Miss Jarrall, who had been playing what the old dramatists call "a solemn music," looked out of the parlor-window, and said, scornfully:

"Dreamer of dreams! have you forgotten that we are in the height of the season? Have you forgotten that we are to have a ball here to-night? In vain with longing eyes you wait, expectant of her. Know that her hair is in crimpers, and she will be invisible until the ballroom-lamps are lighted."

I knew very well that my persecutor did not allude to Miss Dorne, but the idea of Jennie Eade with her hair in crimpers was preposterous. I didn't believe a word of it. As though Jennie, to whom these gatherings were confessedly a trial and a mortification, would care to adorn herself like a victim for sacrifice! I was convinced that Miss Jarrall did not understand her, and I was glad to think so; but I gave up the hope of seeing Jennie. I escaped from Miss Jarrall, and sought the most secluded part of the terrace, in the hope of calming my tumultuous feelings by indulging in my long-neglected pastime; but scarcely had I cast in my line before Coralie discovered me. Her hair was in crimpers, I knew, by the angle at which her hat was tilted over her forehead; but she naively informed me that ladies were not so particular about appearing in *demi-toilette* before gentlemen of my age! She also told me that her sister Blanche would appear at the ball in a Nile-green train, with a spiral flounce, and an overskirt *bouffante*; and that herself would wear white over blue—and wouldn't I dance with her? (If Coralie does not have all her wishes gratified, it will not be for lack of effrontery in making them known.) She added, exultingly, that she did expect that Jennie Eade would look a fright.

"And, O Mr. Sevier, I've found out what you meant by that big word! Mamma says it was only a *ruse de*—something, you know; and we all discussed your conduct, and we said it was shameful the way you are going on with that Jennie Eade."

"Miss Coralie," said I, "your most obedient! Do you believe in sirens?"

"Of co—urse not! I've been better instructed," said she, bridling.

"How nice it would be," I continued, "if the siren that inhabits this lake would rise among those bulrushes over there, and sing you one of her irresistible songs!"

"You horrid man! There's no siren in this lake. You talk in enigmas—mamma says so."

The din of preparation increased as the day wore on. Colonel Eade waxed loud and fierce, hanging wreaths wherever he could

drive a nail to hold them, and calling on every one for aid, on which account everybody fled his presence. I sought refuge in the garden, but I sought it with the greatest caution, for caution was necessary if I would escape the irrepressible Coralie. I went out with great parade by the entrance-gate, not without instructions from that bright child to bring her some gum-drops, if I were going to Hawley; and then I made a *détour*, plunged through the hedge of Spanish bayonet, and scaled the fence, which was made of rails, and easy to climb.

At last, I was in the remote and quiet summer-house; and my devoted Coralie thought me trotting painfully to Hawley, on the back of Nick, the mustang pony.

Two or three campaigns had taught me how to lie at ease upon the hardest bed; and the tumble-down bench in that old summer house was no mean couch on an August day, with the lulling voice of the crickets shrilling in the grass, and a fitful wind swaying the vines. Very naturally, my thoughts reverted to that exciting conversation with Miss Jarrall; and I strove to penetrate her motives. Could it be that she had gone over to the enemy—that is, to the Dornes? And did she mean to betray me into their hands? No; I repudiated that thought as soon as it arose. Arbitrary and domineering as Miss Jarrall was, I knew her to be too sincere for such a course. Perhaps a regard for Eleanor's feelings had moved her to expostulate with me before it should be too late. Eleanor, I knew, was opposed to my marrying; poor girl! she entertained sisterly apprehensions that I might be deceived in my hopes of happiness. Yet, remembering that Miss Jarrall took an especial satisfaction in opposing Eleanor's views, I could not suppose that sympathy with my eldest sister influenced her. And then I suddenly remembered Coralie's luminous hint. Ah, yes! Miss Jarrall feared that I was only amusing myself at Jennie Eade's expense, and I honored her for wishing to save Jennie's feelings; for, oh, delightful thought! did not her anxiety imply that Jennie's feelings were interested in me? What if she should incite her *protégée* to—to flirt with me? Why had I not made a *confidante* of Miss Jarrall? It was not yet too late to secure her sympathy and co-operation; but, upon reflection, I decided that I would rather rely entirely upon myself. I resolved to speak for myself without delay. Blessed be that ball! it would afford me the wished-for opportunity; and I began to con my phrases, when a placid purr, too faint to be articulate, caught my ear. It came from behind the gooseberry hedge; it was the Dorne, I knew. She is gifted with a kind of voice that reminds one of a conspirator. What relief was it, then, to hear Miss Jarrall's vibrant tones proclaim me, in unvarnished terms, a man void of understanding, and past my youth!

I have said in the beginning that I did not go away; for reasons that any sane mind can appreciate, I remained passive; but, intently as I listened, I could not hear one word of Mrs. Dorne's reply. I could only guess at what she said by Miss Jarrall's rejoinder:

"Of course, he's not too old to marry. A man may marry as long as he is on the sunny

side of eighty—that is, if he is rich, he may buy himself a wife; but this egregious friend of mine expects, at this late day, to get a wife for love."

"Purr-r-r-r," from Mrs. Dorne.

"Of course he is a lovable character," Miss Jarrall replied; "but that will not prevent his falling a victim, one day, to some mercenary woman."

Mrs. Dorne purred again, in a way that chilled my blood, and again Miss Jarrall translated the cautious dame's remark by her reply.

"No; I don't allude to Jennie Eade; that little simpleton will only marry for love."

My heart gave so joyful a bound that I did not know Mrs. Dorne had purred again, until Miss Jarrall's indignant rejoinder apprised me that this anxious schemer had in snatched something to my disadvantage.

"Indeed, you are much mistaken!" said my champion, sharply; "he's not trifling with Jennie Eade. I've known Lawrence Sevier ever since he stood at the foot of his class" (there was always a saving clause in Miss Jarrall's commendation that preserved one from inordinate vanity); "he is a man of scrupulous honor and the tenderest heart!"

But I am not so base as to listen surreptitiously to my own praises. I had heard unmoved the contumely Miss Jarrall heaped upon me; but her praise, uttered in those sincere tones that we do hear, now and then, in the course of our pilgrimage, was too much for me, and I retreated.

In the seclusion of my room I communed with my wildly-throbbing heart, and beguiled the laggard hours by composing an eloquent declaration of my affections, which, of course, I never delivered. I will venture to assert that no successful lover ever confessed his attachment in the carefully-studied phrases of his solitude.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A VOYAGE TO THE UNKNOWN RIVER.

"**B**UT Hamerton has a copyright to part of that title," objects the Kaiser.

"First, there is no international copyright law, so he has not; secondly, his river had cities upon it, had battles upon it, and 'Turner loved it,' so it was not 'unknown' at all; and, thirdly, I don't care."

"Very well," replies the Kaiser, and lights a fresh pipe. But he looks uneasy, notwithstanding. Such is man!

Nine o'clock, a bright February morning in Florida, thermometer seventy, with a fresh breeze; lying in the shadow of the bold sea-wall, where the stone steps go down into the water, is the Argo, a boat like nothing but herself, and it is in this craft that we are to journey to the unknown river. The Argo is fourteen feet long by four and a half broad, as sharply pointed as an arrow, entirely decked over more than half her length with a narrow deck around the other half, so that there is only a little bowl aft (which I call the cabin), where the crew can sit, like the pictures of the Greenlanders going out after

walrus in the old geographies. The Argo carries a slender mast, made of a young cedar, and a sprit-sail; but the mast can be unstepped in a moment, and behold a row-boat, whose edge, within five inches of the water, and whose invisible-brown color, seem to mingle with and belong to the element like some fast-gliding marine creature. Stowed away under the deck is a basket of provisions, the Kaiser's old haversack, a battered tin coffee-pot (also the Kaiser's), filled with fresh water, Channing's "Life of Thoreau," a field-glass, a large white umbrella, and various extra wraps; in the cabin, which is carpeted with India-rubber cloth, and cushioned with shawls, sits Gentleman Waife, a yellow dog of fox-like aspect, who goes out as passenger. The Kaiser is captain, and I am the crew. All hands having come on board, we weigh anchor and sail away. The wind and the tide are with us, the Argo's sharp bow cuts the water like a knife, and away we go toward the south, on one side the quaint little city, with its ancient fort and gray watch-towers, on the other the outlying island, with its old light-house, built by the Spaniards several centuries ago. The town soon fades away, but the light-house shines out like a white beacon over the green grass wastes; whichever way we turn there it is again, coming from every direction.

"What a strange life!" I say, in a musing tone. "For a home, a light-house on this far, lonely island. The keeper is probably some old Spaniard, who dreams away the warm days indolently, lying at ease on the silvery beach."

"The keeper is a Maine Yankee, with a reddish beard, a very clever fellow," replies the Kaiser. "He has a numerous family and one or two assistants, but I don't remember having seen any of them reclining on the silvery beach lately."

The beach is silvery, however, in spite of the Kaiser's sarcasm. It stretches on toward the south, one hundred feet broad, hard as a floor, dotted with beautiful shells and scarlet sea-weeds, jelly-fish, urchins, and singular forms of life, some blue and glassy, the "Portuguese man-of-war," and others crimson and pulpy, with great, gaping mouths. A creek flows down from some inland pond; there is a little cabin on its bank in a grove of palm-trees.

A man comes out as we sail by, and halloos to us that he has just shot a fine alligator. He makes a trumpet of his hands, and tells us this gratuitously, apparently for the mere desire for sympathy; we nod, and he goes back satisfied.

The wind freshens, and the Kaiser orders down the centre-board. I cannot find the stick; I take my parasol and poke.

"Is it down?" asks the Kaiser.

My back is toward him.

"Yea," I reply briskly, "it is, and so is my parasol!"

"Whatever you do, don't let the stick get fast," says the Kaiser, manoeuvring mysteriously with the rope and rudder. I jerk, in vain; there is evidently danger connected with a stick in the centre-board; that obstinate parasol will probably sink the boat. I brace myself, and give a last desperate pull. It comes out at length like a boomerang, its

whalebones crippled, its silk dripping; but the centre-board is down! I eat a mandarin-orange to refresh myself, and we sail gayly on.

On a low sand-bar out at sea are thousands of birds, pelicans, gulls, the razor-bill, shearwater, and the brisk little terns, hovering, diving, circling about, a select few performing by turns, while the others sit in ranks on the bar, toeing a mark with grave propriety. Overhead flies the bald-eagle, and, two and two, the porpoises heave up their dark backs, frolicking after their unwieldy fashion. Presently the Kaiser says, "Here's a good place," and forthwith proceeds to beach the Argo, whose flat, slender length runs ashore anywhere like a plank.

"A good place for what?"

He returns no answer, but lights his pipe, takes a bag, and goes ashore, accompanied by Gentleman Waife.

"Keep the boat up with an oar," he calls back carelessly, as he follows up a little creek, whose shores are studded with grubby, muddy-looking fungi. Now, not approving of this reticence on the part of the Kaiser, I had intended to follow and see for myself why we are landed on this uninteresting shore; but now I hesitate. "Keep the boat up with an oar." Why? The boat seems to me very well up as it is. I am familiar with freshwater navigation, but on all the shores of all the great lakes there was never any necessity of keeping the boat up with an oar. Still, under the circumstances, I do not quite dare to land and follow up the departed Kaiser; so I subside down upon the floor of the cabin, under the white umbrella, with the Thoreau book for company. After a while I hear a terrific shout, and come to surface to see what is the matter. The boat is off, quietly floating out to sea, and the Kaiser, with heavily-loaded bag under one arm, and the struggling Gentleman Waife under the other, is dashing through the water, ankle-deep, knee-deep, after me.

"Oh! you'll get wet," I cry, helplessly, and, in my agitation, I drop the white umbrella overboard.

"Didn't I tell you to keep the boat up with an oar?" asks the Kaiser, when at last man, dog, and umbrella, all dripping, are on board again.

"Kaiser," I say solemnly, "if it has any thing to do with tides—"

"It has."

"Then, Kaiser, let us drop the subject. You know my feelings."

Tides are mysteries. I go out sailing; the wind is favorable, but we make next to no headway on account of the tide; the next time I go out the wind is dead ahead, but we advance, on account of the tide. I take pains to inform myself at what hour this thing is due; the very next day it fails to come up to time. People tell you it "serves" so and so; but what it serves I have not been able to discover. "H. H." may enjoy writing melodious verses about it, but her lyre won't change my opinion: the tide is not only a mystery, but a monotony; people talk about it until their conversation becomes a tide-water chant. It has got to that point that I close my ears whenever the word is men-

tioned. The Kaiser understands my feelings, and says no more.

"After all, it was your fault. Why did you go ashore?" I demand, my spirits reviving as I see how hopelessly wet he is.

"Oysters," he replies, laconically, stowing away the gaping bag. I gaze; the grubby, muddy fungi are within! These, then, are oysters upon their native heath!

"I have found two ridiculous sentences in your Thoreau book," I remark, when we are off again.

"Let us have them."

"Here is one: 'And then, the rain beginning to come down, so came his two friends down the mountain as well, their outer integuments decimated with their tramps in the scrub.' Why couldn't he say plainly that their clothes were torn? And here is another even worse. Speaking of the wood-tortoise, he writes: 'He patiently speculates upon its shingled, pectinately-engraved roof or back, and its perennial secrets in that indelible hierogram.' Absurd!"

"Yes. But all that is the charming part of the book—the alloy that holds together the Thoreau gold.—Put down the centre-board, please."

I have another contest with the parasol, which comes out this time with *all* its ribs broken; either for shade or centre-board, it is evidently useless hereafter.

We meet a fisherman in a dugout; he looks like the last man.

"What luck?" calls out the Kaiser. The last man holds up a horrible sea-creature, with wings, and a whip-like tail, six feet long.

"Is it a devil-fish?" I ask.

"The whipper, a smaller species of Victor Hugo's monster," replies the Kaiser.

The last man drops the squirming creature down carelessly upon his bare feet, takes off his old palmetto hat, bows gravely to me, and then paddles away in his dugout.

"I wonder if he lives down here?"

"Oh, no," replies the Kaiser. "He lives beyond the city-gates; he probably started out before dawn to get fish for the hotels."

We sweep on for another hour; all signs of human habitation disappear from the shore; we are alone with Florida. The land is green, a peculiar dark green, never seen at the North; the waving marsh-grass comes down to the beach, and behind stretch the boundless pine-barrens, that look to our eyes like deserted fields run to waste, so free are they from underbrush. Here and there are hammocks of rich vegetation, and in places the saw-palmettos come up in platoons and kneel down in the sunshine; not for prayers do they come, these ill-tempered outlaws that log over half of Florida; they hold their glistening knives ready, and converse with all comers, but their wit is sharp, their sarcasms cutting.

"How green and beautiful it is," says the Kaiser, looking shoreward. "It is like the skin of a pard, the great mother leopard that Nature is, where she lies at length exposing her flanks to the sun. I feel as if I could land to kiss and stroke the very sward, it is so fair."

"Why, Kaiser you are poetical!"

"Thoreau," he answers.

After five hours' of sailing, the Argo turns her pretty head shoreward, and we enter the unknown river, flowing from the west, broad and still. The water is a rich, claret color, ruby over the shoals, and black in still bays along-shore. We sail on in long, slanting tacks, but still we sail, which is very kind of the wind. I remark upon this. "It isn't the wind," explains the Kaiser; "it is the tide, which—" I refuse to hear more. Gradually, as we penetrate inland, the country rises and comes down to meet us in high banks on each side; the river narrows, and the trees hang over. Then the mast is unstepped, and the Argo, transformed into a canoe, darts along under the stroke of the paddle, her long, sharp bow pointing ahead, as if eager to explore every bend and bay. Finally, the tips of the live-oaks and magnolias meet overhead, and we journey in tropical shade, with the flickering sunshine peeping through; the long, gray moss hangs down in the water, and strange air-plants, like butterflies, swing from the branches. The red cardinals dart to and fro, and we hear the mocking-bird's song.

"There is the track of an alligator," observes the Kaiser, pausing. "That is his lair on the shore—his sunning-place. Do you see those bubbles? He's down underneath there somewhere."

"Oh, pray go on!" I entreat.

But none the less do I peep over the side, hoping the monster will come up and knock against the bottom of the boat. He does not come, and I am disappointed.

"How long do you suppose he is, Kaiser?"

"Possibly eighteen feet."

I reflect that an eighteen-foot alligator knock might perhaps be rather too—impressive, and am consoled.

Flowers now begin to show themselves, and finish by pressing forward, in crowds and masses, into the very water. Carpets of wee white stars, blue violets, golden spines and bells, fleshy purple cups, the wild azalea and honeysuckle, the clambering yellow jasmine, and the solid banks of the Cherokee rose. Nothing grows so like a wall of verdure as this wild-rose of the South, and the effect is produced, too, with the most delicate, prim little leaves in the world, which rise close-set on intertwining spray-like stems, ten and fifteen feet high, with scarcely a rift between. The flower is white, starred over, the green close to the stem, and, after leaving the bud, it has a lovely way of curling together its five petals, as though too modest to open fully. Besides these, the thorns are flushed in pink; there are delicate ferns, "which Nature made for pure leaves, just to show what she could do in that line;" and the berry-bushes are all out in their spring clothes.

"Do you know on what bushes a little faith and contentment grow?" quotes the Kaiser. "Go a-berrying early and late after them."

Beyond the flower-land the river broadens out into shallows, with grassy islands and many channels; we have a broader sky-sweep, with vistas of the feathery yellow-pine outlined with peculiar softness in the tropical air. A turn of the boat brings us

suddenly in among the inhabitants of the unknown land. Floating in a little bay are eight wild-ducks, standing leg-deep in the tide; near by are two herons, one white, the other blue; in deeper water swims a loon, and overhead in a dead tree two fish-hawks have their nest, and scream shrilly as a bald-headed eagle flies in from the ocean and approaches their stronghold. But not one of these creatures notices us as we float into view; the ducks swim on placidly, the herons continue their meditations, and the loon paddles toward us as if curious to see what kind of animal we are. We float up to his very side, and even then he only flies heavily a short distance and down into the water again, much as he would make way for a floating tree. The ducks, who have come out into the tide, move aside, apparently more from politeness than fear, and follow behind as if to show off their pretty motions. Suddenly the Kaiser trails his paddle and clutches my arm: a deer has come down to the water; a little creature, graceful and fearless. It drinks from a brook flowing into the river, sniffs the air for a moment or two, and then goes back into the forest with a leisurely step—pretty, shy creature! for once safe from the near hand of man! For the Argo, although somewhat piratical in appearance, carries no munitions of war. The clean and tidy white crane sails by with his feet dangling behind him, the social coot and the waterhen keep company in the marsh. Through the trees flit the paroquets, green and orange colored, chattering gayly, and hanging on to the branches by their bills and toes, like painted circus-performers. They are lazy and luxurious, these *élégants* of Florida, but so stupid that they cannot be taught to articulate a single word.

"It is after four," says the Kaiser, at last; "we cannot go any farther."

But I beg for one more half-hour; the source of the river cannot be far away. It is down on the map, therefore it must be but a creek, and we have followed it for miles. The half-hour passes; the stream is now narrow and darkened by high banks; I decide that it is growing shallow. The half-hour is up; the Kaiser pauses.

"Oh, just to that bend!" I plead; "I am sure—"

But beyond the bend that perfidious stream widens out again with more vitality than ever, and we see it gleaming in spots afar off, and then plunging into a second forest, as though bound for the Gulf of Mexico.

The Kaiser turns the boat, and we glide away down-stream.

"It comes from some inland everglade," he says. "The whole country is afloat, you know; super-aquaterreous, with marshes, lagoons, channels, creeks, and lakes—a labyrinth of waters."

"I wish we could have gone on," I say, regretfully. "Now we shall never know."

"If we know not, more's the pity, for the little shrew-mouse knoweth; And the kite knows, and the eagle, and the glead and pye,"

quotes the Kaiser, beaching the boat.

I prepare to be useful, and spread out my dainties on a napkin. The Kaiser builds

a fire, buries sweet-potatoes under it, sets the coffee-pot in the middle, piles up the oyster-rocks all around, and erects a series of palmetto toasting-forks stuck in the sand, on which corn-bread and Graham rolls toast comfortably. There is absolutely nothing for me to do.

"But women do the cooking always," I remark, with some discontent.

"Not in camps," replies the Kaiser.

It ends in my eating a hot potato, three Graham rolls toasted, and several dozen oysters (small ones), all buttered and seasoned by the Kaiser, and drinking a cup of his coffee, than which nothing was ever so delicious. The Kaiser also eats. And Gentleman Waife, undisturbed, unmolested, devours the dainties spread out on the napkin—to wit, sandwiches, sponge-cake, a cup of jelly, and a fig-pie: my contributions to the feast. He then goes off for a little gentle exercise, and we hear him barking in the underbrush behind. The Kaiser is smoking a lazy pipe, but I decide to follow and see; who knows but it may be another deer? It proves to be nothing but the gentleman, standing at the edge of a thick jungle, barking furiously, with his yellow tail erect. I call him away; he will not come, but acts so strangely that I halloo for the Kaiser, who appears placidly smoking his pipe.

"Snake," he remarks, pointing to a round, smooth trail in the soft sand.

I spring backward.

"Oh, he's away in that jungle somewhere," continues my companion. "If you like, I'll go in and scare him out."

But I do not like, and we start homeward.

We fly rapidly down-stream in the sunset, gathering a boat-load of blossoms on the way. Overhead flies the whooping-crane—ridiculous bird! and, as we near the sea, we meet the osprey coming home from his fishing-excursion. A passing loon cries after us—perhaps he is saying "Good-night." No doubt he will tell his watery family how he met a strange animal at the mouth of the river; and to-morrow they will all come down to see, and find nothing. The moon is shining brilliantly, and we have been sailing northward for an hour, when suddenly a thirst seizes me. I mention it as an inconvenient but existing fact. There is nothing on board to quench it—not even an orange.

"There is a light on shore," says the Kaiser. "I did not notice any house there when we came out, but I'll run the boat in and see."

Visions of pirates, who (in books) are always concealing their "slender craft" in "lagoons;" of fugitive slaves, who are always hiding in "canebrakes;" and Indians, who "lurk" in "hammocks" (*vide "Seminole War"*), fill my mind; but the boat is beached, and the moonlight shows us only a small thatched cottage, some distance back from the shore, on the edge of the pine-barren. There is a neglected clearing behind it, and a grove of orange-trees, bearing fruit and blossoms at the same time, after their fashion. We knock; a voice says "Come in;" we enter, and find a young girl sitting alone, braiding palmetto by the light of a pine-knot set in an iron socket. She turns toward us as her lus-

trous dark eyes, eyes long and almond-shaped, fringed with curling black lashes; eyes soft, dreamy, and tranquil. She asks no question, she does not rise, but goes on braiding palmetto.

"May I so far intrude upon your kindness, mademoiselle, as to ask for some drinking-water?" says the Kaiser, taking off his old felt hat, with a profound bow.

"Oh, yes; there is the cup, and the well is outside the door," replies the fair palmetto-braider, in her soft, *trainante* voice, going on with her work without a pause. That people arrive from nowhere by night, and ask for drinking-water, is naught to her. Her heavy black hair is braided fancifully around her small head, and over the left ear is a spray of yellow jasmine; her little black gown is as simple as a nun's robe, but the slipper on her slender foot, although made of untanned leather, is well fitted and trim. There is no color in her face; the heavy black hair, brows, and lashes, seem to cast a shadow over the clear olive skin; but she lifts her eyes again, and all the color and the warmth of all the tropics lie hidden within.

The Kaiser takes down the earthenware-cup reverently, as though it was a relic; he crosses the floor with a glide, at least what he considers a glide; he begs "pardon" for taking the cup, for crossing the floor, for opening the door, but, at last, he does manage to bring me the water, which, filtered through the coquina-well, Florida-fashion, is pure and refreshing. The little room is bare, there is nothing in it but stools and a table; in the lean-to shed, behind, we see rude cooking-utensils, and a ladder leads to the attic above; a gaudy print of the Madonna hangs on the wall, and a broken pitcher is filled with wild-honeysuckle, whose fragrance is heavy in the air.

"Many thanks, mademoiselle," says the Kaiser, replacing the cup with another bow. She just acknowledges the salute, and braids on.

There is nothing more to detain us, but still we linger.

"You do not live here alone?" I ask.

"Oh, no. The father has gone to the city; he comes by the late tide; I wait for him."

"You go sometimes to the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, on feast-days."

"You are Minorcans, are you not?" I add, fresh from Florida history.

"We are Spanish, she replies, throwing back her head, with a quaint little air of *hauteur*.

"Any one can see that mademoiselle is Spanish," interposes the Kaiser, loftily. A gleaming smile flits over the fair Minorcan's face; all the Florida Minorcans are invariably "pure Spanish."

"We have been rowing up the river that comes in below here," begins the Kaiser, starting a new subject. "How far up can a small boat go?"

"I know not, señor. No river have I seen."

The Kaiser explains. But it seems that the fair Minorcan has never walked a quarter of a mile beyond her own door-way; she goes to the city on feast-days in her father's dug-

out, and that is all. She tells us this placidly, nor asks one question. Evidently we and our unknown river are nothing to her; she is not even curious, but goes on braiding palmetto. We take leave, and she gives us a tranquil "Good-evening." We sail out again on the moonlit sea, and, as we round the point, we look back toward the thatched cottage, alone on the lonely shore; we see the outline of a head through the lighted window, it is the fair Minorcan, who sits just where we left her, braiding palmetto.

It is eleven o'clock before the old Spanish fort frowns into view, and the Argo enters the silvery harbor of the ancient city. The porpoises cry out and snort behind us, the inlet seems alive with them, and we no longer disbelieve the story that they alarmed a whole garrison in the Florida War, and caused the drums to beat the alarm that the Indians were coming; even a Seminole could invent no more startling noises than these. The old coquina houses, with their overhanging balconies, shine white in the moonlight; we moor the Argo under the sea-wall, and stroll homeward through the plaza. The day has been full of pleasure; but, for all our journey, the source of the unknown river is still unknown, and its tinted waters, with all their wealth of life, animal and vegetable, are still flowing on, with stores of secrets undiscovered, hidden away in lovely, lonely Florida.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from *Advance-Sheets*.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

IT seemed as if I were doomed not to explore the Cleave. My wrist was severely sprained, and I was so sore and shaken, that I was obliged to content myself with being drawn about in Mrs. Dayrell's chair whenever I wanted to go beyond the village. Mr. Donald and Mr. Newton were very kind, but, after that first day, they came separately. This confirmed me in my theory. I am quite sure it is a mistake to talk to one man before another. A man likes to think, even if he knows better, that a woman only talks to him. I am glad, therefore, that these gentlemen come separately, for they both like to talk to me, and I am able to be equally kind to both, without any trouble. I believe I am fonder of Mr. Donald, but, for that very reason, I do not want him to know it. I am always grateful to him for having carried me home, although it was so very uncomfortable. But he is so kind; he brings me books, and reads poetry to me, but sometimes, when I look up suddenly, he is staring at me with such a sentimental look that I nearly laugh, and I believe, if I did laugh at him, he would be hurt. Mr. Newton does not bring books, but he makes me laugh; he has all sorts of amusing stories about the village people; I must go and see some of them when I am able to go

about again. I am longing to be free, for I feel sure there is a letter for me from Eugène.

I have seen Mrs. Dayrell once or twice, but she depresses me; she looks so sad, and her manner is so imperious.

Angélique has just come to summon me to her.

Madame La Peyre looks up from her embroidery.

"Do not stay long, Gertrude; talking makes Barbara cough."

I have remarked that madame never proposes that I should go to her sister-in-law, and that she seems unwilling that I should go at all. But then, first, I am contradictory; and, next, this house is very dull when one has to stay in it so much; I could not exist without Mr. Donald and Frank Newton—he has told me his name is Frank—and on the days between their visits I get restless, and I gape.

"I will not make her cough," and then, to make amends for a secret delight I take in teasing Madame La Peyre on this subject, I go and kiss her and hug her till she cries out I am spoiling her cap.

"Au revoir." I kiss my hand to her, and skip after Angélique.

"Angélique," I say, following her upstairs, "you are a hard-hearted woman after all, I see."

Angélique does not look round, but I can see her peculiar, grave smile; her eyes smile as well as her lips, so that, though the smile is grave, it lights up her whole face.

"Why does mademoiselle say I have a so hard heart?"

She asks this so meekly, with such a perfect acceptance of my accusation, that I am ashamed. I go close to her, and pinch her close-fitting black sleeve.

"I mean that you don't care really for me. When my wrist was so bad you were as good and tender as you could be. Why, you sat up with me all that first night, and I thought you an old dear, and now you take no more notice of me than you do of the pigs in the yard."

We had reached the landing. Angélique paused before Mrs. Dayrell's door, and looked at me gravely.

"Of what service could my notice be to mademoiselle?"

"Don't be so pragmatical, Angélique. Ah! I see you do not understand that word. I mean that one does not care for things only for use, one likes them for pleasure too, and it is my pleasure in life to make every creature love me."

Angélique's smile faded away; she looked unutterably sad.

"That is the most dangerous of pleasures;" and then, as if it were a part of her phrase, she went on: "Mademoiselle will only stay a so little time with madame;" she nodded toward the door. "Madame has been awake this night, and she should repose."

I made no answer. She knocked, and then I went in as soon as I heard Mrs. Dayrell's voice. How sharp and querulous it sounded after Angélique's quiet words!

It was not a very warm day; the leaves were blowing about in a September gale, and gray masses of cloud drifted away from one

hill to another like Noah's dove, but Mrs. Dayrell's window was open, and her face had the same deep flush that I had noticed on that hot August morning when I first saw her.

"I thought you were never coming, Gertrude.—You need not stay, my mother."

Mrs. Dayrell was always more civil to Angélique than to any one; there seemed to be some link between them; she usually called her "my mother."

I had lost my awe of this strange, wild-looking woman.

I went and shook hands with her; she never offered me a kiss, and then she pointed to a low chair opposite her sofa.

"Sit there to-day. I want to watch your face; it is like a landscape in April, where one can see the clouds and the sunshine without looking skyward."

I felt myself blush.

"Why do you say such uncomfortable things? How can I be natural if you make me think how I am looking?"

Mrs. Dayrell laughed.

Her laugh was like her voice, so hard and solitary; it seemed to be entirely for her own enjoyment; there was no invitation in it to share her amusement.

"You are so amusing, child, that you ought to come to me every day; but you really must learn to control your face—you are pouting violently."

I jumped up and went to the window; it was impossible to sit still and be examined as if I were a stuffed bird. All at once I lean forward and look beyond the garden; Frank Newton is crossing the brook; he has a gun, and two dogs are following him in the most orderly fashion.

"Who is that?" says the sharp voice. "Your shoulders tell me you see some one, child."

"Only Mr. Newton." I speak without turning round.

"I asked for you yesterday, child, and then I heard that you were reading poetry with Mr. Donald. To-day you are staring after Mr. Newton, and you are a little past sixteen, Gertrude, and sometimes you look twenty. What is my sister about?"

I felt that Mrs. Dayrell ought not to talk in this way to me, it was so unlike my mother and Madame La Peyre; and yet she fascinated me. I did so long for a talk on the forbidden topic, love! My recent readings with Mr. Donald had much increased this longing. We had been reading "The Princess." Yesterday he had read to me the "Miller's Daughter," and Mr. Donald had brought me a volume of Coleridge—for the "Ancient Mariner," he said—but I had found something I liked much better than that hobgoblin story, a little poem called "Love." After all, if my mother had lived she would probably now let me talk about love. It seems to me that it is a woman's real existence if she thinks. What used I to think about till I knew Eugène? Nothing.

"Why are you so silent?" Mrs. Dayrell was getting vexed. "I did not send for you that I might look at all those plaits of hair. Come and sit down, and be glad that you can move your limbs, and are not condemned to

be on this wretched sofa. Well, now, which do you prefer, Mr. Newton or the tutor?"

She put up both her thin hands, and strained her hair off her face, till her eyes looked larger than ever. I had no pleasure in looking at her, she was so fevered and hectic. She looked at me so searchingly, that I smiled.

"I don't know. Mr. Newton amuses me, and Mr. Donald interests me."

She looked quite eager at this.

"Interests you, does he? I did not think there was any one interesting in Merton. Madame La Peyre should bring him to see me. Bah! I forget; at your age every one interested me. Ah! my dear little simpleton, enjoy life while you can."

"You are always saying this kind of things." I spoke pettishly. I did not like to be called a simpleton. "I may be foolish, but other people take an interest in life besides me. There is Madame La Peyre—no one could be gayer; and Angélique never looks sad."

Mrs. Dayrell tossed back her hair impatiently. I noticed how the blue veins stood out on her temples.

"It is easy to a bird or a butterfly to be gay," she said, "but you have a deeper nature than Madame La Pyre has, Gertrude, and I warn you to enjoy life while you can, and while even a tutor can interest you. But tell me how Mr. Donald interests you, child."

Something in her look—I cannot tell what it was—brought the blood flying to my face.

"Oh, I don't know; he brings me books, and we read together."

"Poetry or prose?"

"Poetry;" and then I felt mischievous; her fixed gaze provoked me. "Do you know a little poem about Geneviève, called 'Love?' I read that yesterday."

I suppose Mrs. Dayrell was too clever to be deceived.

"You may read what you like with Mr. Donald, child; but now listen to me: don't read poetry. If you want to enjoy life, and to be gay and bright as long as possible, you must not read about love, Gertrude; do not even think of it."

"What harm can thinking do?"—I broke out, angrily, my face on fire—"if there is no one to fall in love with?"

Mrs. Dayrell raised herself a little. She looked at me curiously.

"She is not such a child, after all;" and then she fell back on her pillows, and lay quiet.

I feel so angry when Mrs. Dayrell speaks of me as if I were a bit of wood, that I am inclined to leave her by herself.

"You may soon be in love with a creature of your own making," she says, presently, "if you go on reading love-poems, and encouraging sentiment. Leave yourself alone, child; women have too much feeling without putting themselves into a forcing-house. Have as many admirers as you please, Gertrude; you will never be in want of them while you keep that face and figure; but you must not love one among them, if you mean to enjoy life."

I blushed. I shrunk from this talk, and yet it fascinated me.

"But do you then agree with Madame La Peyre, that one should not love one's husband before marriage?"

"Nor after, either;" her face grew stern, and her voice more and more imperious. "Did you not hear me say that women have too much feeling? Don't look unbelieving, you foolish, headstrong child. I am not talking theory; I am no sentimental spinster preaching doctrine she has not tried. Do you want to know what happens, Gertrude, to a woman who loves her husband?"

I felt interested, and yet thoroughly prejudiced. I did not believe Mrs. Dayrell had ever loved any one, she was so bitter in look and tone.

"If a woman loves"—I saw her lips smile at my rebellious face—"she always spoils the man she loves, and makes him a tyrant. A husband soon tires of a wife's love, Gertrude, but he will not give it up; it must remain his, however little store he may set by it, and he resents most unjustly and tyrannically any pleasure she may take in any other admiration."

"I should think so; what right has a wife to any admiration but her husband's?"

I spoke heartily. This was the creed I had been taught in my home. I felt as if Mrs. Dayrell were wicked, and I imagine my eyes told her so.

She blushed over face and throat, even her delicate hands trembled with agitation; but she laughed still, and there was the mockery in her voice which so alienated me.

"You have true bread-and-butter ideas, Gertrude, and very good for you so long as you had a mother to keep the bandage over your eyes; but you have not, child. Life must be more true and real to you than it is to most girls of sixteen. I tell you, you have in you a power of deep, passionate love; your only hope of happiness lies in not yielding to it."

"Why? Every thing teaches that love is true happiness; so it seems to me I have an extra chance. I have only to take care that I love where I am loved."

She shook her head.

"You may go now; either you cannot or you will not understand that feeling is a source of misery, not happiness. Be as changeable, as inconstant as you choose, that will give you endless amusement, and will help to deaden feeling; but, whatever else you may do, never marry for love."

She closed her eyes, and I went away. I did not want to meet Angélique, to incur a rebuke for staying so much longer than usual with Mrs. Dayrell. I was so full of new thoughts that I must get away where I could think them out quietly without interruption. I went to my room, got my hat and a book, and then set off, determined to find my own way to the Cleeve.

My accident had taught me caution, and, though I knew I was late in setting out, I climbed slowly and carefully up, when I reached the stony field. A little higher than the point where we had rested, the rocks were so large and closely piled that I had to seek for spaces between them; even my love of danger shrank from climbing these bare, rough masses. I paused, at last, out of

breath, and felt giddy as I looked behind me; my last quarter of an hour's climb had been almost perpendicular, but I did not linger, though Merton and its surrounding hills looked exquisite in the brilliant sunshine. A yet steeper bit than any I had surmounted, and I should be at the top, and Frank Newton had told me the top looked into the Cleeve.

Some laughing voices made me hesitate, and presently a small, pretty-faced woman passed along the ridge above me; two donkeys followed; there was a young girl on each donkey, and the whole party looked startlingly massive against the blue sky.

I heard them say something about me and my accident, and I guessed that it was Mrs. Tracey, the rector's wife, and her daughters.

I wonder why Mr. Donald speaks so coldly of them. They look very nice.

My heart warmed at the sight of something young. It would be great fun to have the Traceys to scramble about with. But in a minute more I had forgotten them and Mr. Donald too, for I reached the ridge, and looked down at last into the Cleeve, a very steep valley, some miles in length, and about a mile and a half across, from the rugged brow on which I stood to the green hills opposite.

Down, so far below that the trees hide it, is a brawling river; it must be fighting its way among rocks, from the noise which reaches me, even at this height above. The steep cliff I stand on is cumbered with fragments of gray rock, and as far as I can see on either hand these are piled one atop of another in the most irregular confusion; some like old castles with broken battlements, on others yellow furze is in gay blossom; on one close below me a mountain-ash has found a crevice for its roots, and stands now in the full glory of its scarlet berries, their color made more intense by the setting sun; some are gold with lichen spots, and sombre with ivy; on my right a complete ivy-tree has masked the rock, except at its base, where lady-ferns hold up their dainty plumes above the little gem-like flowers below them.

The ash-trees which bend closely over the river, clothe the opposite hills some way up, and then beyond this grassed crest other hills rise in all sorts of varied forms, till a range of far-off, long-stretching down ends the view. To my right, the valley loses itself among thick woods; but to the left, beyond the ivy-tree, it goes on broadening, till it seems to me it must reach the sea itself, so wide and boundless is the extent of the horizon. But all the view, both this way and opposite, grows each moment more indistinct; there floats up from the valley a tender veil of mist, which makes all luminous and harmonious. Overhead the deep-blue sky has paled from its mid-day intensity; a faint cloud-wreath stretches away in a line with the setting sun, and below is a soft hue of no definite color; it seems as if every tender tint had melted into one. Through the gauze-like mist the meadows on the hill-side show out emerald; on the down above the wooded height the heather gives a crimson tone, min-

gled with brown; the fantastic rocks, piled one atop of another, so that it seems they must overbalance their huge, moss-stained weight, grow more and more sombre in tone, and yet some of them take phantom shapes as they loom through the soft, misty veil.

The beauty all round me, the exquisite tenderness of the atmosphere, soothe away the disturbance which Mrs. Dayrell had roused. I sit down and think about her quietly.

I wonder why she attracts me at all. I always come away from her sore and disheartened, and I don't think Madame La Peyre really likes her. I suppose she fascinates me because she is clever and unlike any one else, but she makes life out miserable. Did she love her husband? and is it his death that has soured her?

And then I wonder whether Mr. Dayrell really was dead. I have not heard that Mrs. Dayrell was a widow. Her words come back; is it, then, possible that love could change? Will Eugène forget me? Ah! no; but then Eugène and I really love each other, and Mrs. Dayrell may not have been really loved. I turn from these troubling thoughts to count the weeks that must pass before I can receive my father's letter. I am sure he will refuse to sanction my marriage; I know his aristocratic prejudices are stronger than my mother's were. It is now September; if my father writes directly, I can get his letter in December, at latest in January, and then I will tell Madame La Peyre at once about Eugène.

If I could only sleep away the time that comes between! I get up and look round.

The sun has sunk much lower; suddenly every bit of color is intensified; the meadow shows greener yet against the velvet olive of the woods. The furze shines out with a more golden yellow, the ash-berries with a yet more scarlet tinge, only for a short while, and then the sun dips behind the farthest hill, and the color flies skyward, leaving a hue velvet-like in softness on all below, while it spreads a rosy glow over the spot where its creator departed.

I look down to the wooded river, and I see some one coming up from among the misty trees. It is so dusk down there that I cannot see distinctly; it may either be a man or a cow, but I am a little frightened. The creature is so far off that very likely it has not seen me. I turn to go home; but it is much more difficult to climb down these rough, upright crags than it was to scale them. I wish most intensely for Mr. Donald's help, or even for Frank Newton.

I stop at last out of breath. I feel ready to cry, now that there is no one to seem brave before.

But I don't think one is brave only from humbug. There is an excitement in companionship which helps.

A stone rattles down past me. I look behind me in terror, and I see a man standing on the ridge. He is looking down into the Cleeve, so his back is toward me; he looks gigantic, looming there against the green-gray sky.

My heart beats in a flutter. I do not know what I fear, but a stranger seems something portentous to Merton. I can get on faster

now; the bits of rock are farther apart, and I can wind in and out without climbing; but still I remember my fall, and I move cautiously till I reach the grass at the bottom of the descent.

As I reach the white gate I look back. My man is coming down the rocks like a goat, springing from one to another far more easily than Frank Newton climbed them.

I stand a minute to watch him, and then I speed through the gate, letting it slam behind me. It is not a stranger at all; it is Captain Brand, and he saw me, and he is hurrying over the rocks to overtake me.

DISPOSING OF THE DEAD.

CUSTOMS IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

FOR nearly a century earnest efforts have been made to introduce cremation in Christian lands, as the most expedient mode of disposing of the dead. But those who have, in consequence, requested to be burned when dead hardly equal in number the Christian martyrs, who, during the last eight hundred years, have chosen to be burned alive. Probably the only historical account of an American preferring cremation is the case of Henry Laurens, President of the First American Congress, who held peculiar views on the purifying powers of fire, and whose infant daughter had narrowly escaped burial while in a state of suspended animation. Without the uncommon occurrence that rendered burial repugnant to him, and without the strange notions that made cremation appear specially desirable, the most learned arguments would probably have failed to persuade him to commit his body to the flames, as they have failed to induce the Christian world at large thus to dispose of their dead.

From a scientific point of view, nothing can be more admirable than the newly-proposed method of disposing of the dead by conducting superheated steam into a clay retort, and reducing the body, in ten minutes, to about four pounds of ashes. But Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians, for religious reasons, have buried their dead these thousands of years; and, for ages to come, every one born in lands whose religions teach the resurrection of the body, will, even after being at variance with the doctrines current around him, feel such a tender regard for a lifeless body that, following his impulse, he will lay it, like some one sleeping, gently into the ground. There is nothing irreligious in burning the dead, and Christians perceive, as well as others, that the God who raises the bodies from the grave can also put them together from ashes, whether preserved in urns, or scattered to the winds. In fact, it is hardly possible to give a scientific or a religious reason for objecting to cremation. We do, however, object to it, simply because it is against our feelings to treat the dead otherwise than with the same tenderness and care which they would receive from us if they were living, and asleep or helpless. This feeling may partake of the nature of superstition; but, as superstitions are difficult to eradicate

when once rooted, it may also be accepted as the reason why that feeling is so difficult to overcome. It is not our desire to argue here whether such a feeling is commendable. The dead are removed beyond the limits of human reasoning; only a lump of cold flesh and blood remains, with which the living may do whatever reason dictates. But man will not reason. He turns only to the traditions of the heavenly revelations, or earthly superstitions of his fathers, and he disposes of the dead as they teach him to do. Here the power of science is utterly broken, and sentiment alone dictates.

The vast field of creeds, sown with man's trust in a future existence, has but two divisions. In one is cultivated the belief that there is another life in store, which is entered upon as soon as this life is ended. The smaller portion is covered with religions that postpone man's advent into another world to very remote periods. The dead of this faith are carried to cemeteries, or sleeping-places, where their bodies are laid, to sleep until some future day, when they rise again. Those outside of the pale of Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan creeds, die in the faith that only the soul survives, and that it is at once translated into another form of existence. Their bodies may be allowed to moulder in a grave; but they may just as well be consumed by fire, or given to the beasts of prey. They are unclean things, or shackles which the soul will never come to reclaim. The survivors may dispose of them as necessity dictates, or fancy prefers.

The ancient Aryans, the forefathers of the great nations of Western Europe, believed in a world other than this, where, without the imperfections of the human body, and in the glory of a celestial body, the faithful were to enjoy a life, similar to that of the Mohammedans, in paradise. They burned their dead, that the earthly body might at once be translated into a heavenly form, which Agni, the god of fire, was expected to bestow. Cremation was, to the ancient people of India, a sacrifice by which man attained unto the region of the gods. There was a creative power in an ordinary burnt-offering, and it was to be supposed that something new would arise out of a burning corpse. Yama, who, as the first man on earth, had learned the way to the next world, showed the new-comers at once into the mansions above.

Buddhism teaches that the human body is the source of evil; hence, life is pain, and freedom from it is blessedness. The soul has to pass through numerous existences, as god, demon, man, or beast, before it is capable of entering Nirvana, where it will find peace, having learned, in its various transmigrations, to be impassable to both pleasure and pain. As each death may be the end of all the wanderings of the soul, it is incumbent to burn or otherwise rapidly destroy the body, lest through man's neglect a soul be doomed to inhabit the body again; and the possibility of the dead reaching Nirvana renders the cremation of friends not seasons of grief, but of joy.

Ancient Brahminism and Buddhism are now represented by numerous varieties of creeds; but they have all retained the doc-

trine of the necessity of rapidly destroying the bodies of the dead. In Tibet the dead are not burned nor buried, but are exposed on high places to be devoured by vultures. The poor are sometimes thrown to the dogs. The bodies of the wealthy are carried to the top of a hill set apart for the purpose, where the flesh is cut into pieces, the skull and bones pounded in a mortar, and, when all is ready, a smoke is raised to attract the vultures, which collect in thousands to devour the flesh.

In Siam, where also a modification of Buddhism is the prevailing religion, the poor are buried or exposed to beasts of prey, while the rich are burned, and their bones collected in urns which are deposited under pyramidal monuments erected near a temple. The honor of burning is refused to persons who are killed by accident, or who die in childhood, or from small-pox. Their remains are generally thrown into a river. Some Hindoos send the bones and ashes of the dead to the Ganges.

In Ceylon, after the bodies of the deceased kings of Kandy had been burned, their ashes were carried by a man in a black mask to the Mahawelli Gunga, where he embarked in a canoe. At the deepest part of the river he clove the vase with a sword, scattered the ashes on the stream, and, plunging headlong after them, dived, and rose near the opposite bank, whence he fled to the forest and was presumed to be never seen again. The canoe was allowed to drift away, the horses and elephants that accompanied the procession were set at liberty in the woods, and the women who had strewed rice over the remains were transported across the river and forbidden to return.

Thus, Brahmins and Buddhists vie with each other to secure the total dissolution of mortal remains. While the former wish to insure, by the destruction of the dead body, its immediate recreation into a form fitting it for the abodes of the gods, the latter destroy it, in the hope of annihilating it, lest a soul come and animate it again.

The religion of the Parsees is one of purifications, and the "Zend-Avesta" declares that it is a great sin, even one that cannot be expiated, to throw a corpse, the most unclean of unclean things, into the water, or to burn or bury it. The body must be carried to the Dakhma—the Tower of Silence—that the birds of prey may devour it. The soul of the deceased has no longer a shard in the body, as it is instantly translated into heaven. The unclean thing it leaves behind renders impure every person and thing that comes in contact with it; and those whose business it is to dispose of the dead, or whoever is obliged to touch a corpse, must undergo a number of special processes of purification.

The ancient Aryan races of Europe also trusted in the immediate translation of the soul to a new state of existence. They cared, therefore, as little as the Asiatics what became of a dead body, so long as it was disposed of in a manner not offensive to the departed soul, or to the gods that laid claim to it.

The Greeks of the Homeric poems burned or exposed their dead, but the latter was done only to wound the feelings of the enemy.

Great heroes were honored by their friends with elaborate ceremonies. When Patroclus was slain, four horses, nine dogs, and twelve Trojan prisoners, were killed, to be burned with him. The embers of the pyre were extinguished with wine, and the bones were gathered into a golden urn, which was put aside to be buried some future day with the ashes of Achilles. It thus appears that in the most ancient days of Greece the custom prevailed of offering human sacrifice to the dead, but it fell early into disuse.

The opinions of the later Greeks in regard to the future life varied at different times and places. The popular belief was that, immediately after death, rewards and punishments would be meted out according to merit. The dead at once descended into the lower world, where they continued an existence like that of shades. They took pleasure in the honors bestowed upon them by the living, rejoiced over every offering of love, and were grieved by every neglect. They were able to show their pleasure or displeasure, and received for it the aid of the gods under whose dominion they were placed, and who required that every one in the lower world should obtain what was due to him. The anger of the gods was roused when the remains of the dead were not delivered to them by some funeral rite; and whoever found a corpse exposed, felt obliged to cover it at least with a few handfuls of earth. In order not to pollute the rays of the sun, a corpse was generally carried before sunrise to the place where it was either to be burned or buried. The poor were generally buried, as it was less expensive. In case of burial, the body was placed in a coffin, sometimes of cypress-wood, but commonly of baked clay. In cremation, the pyres of the rich were large, magnificent, and costly. The duty of lighting them devolved on the nearest relatives, and the hair of the mourners, and clothes, utensils, and whatever was much beloved by the deceased, were thrown into the flames. The bones were gathered by relatives into an urn, which was carried into a burial-house, generally large enough to contain several urns, and to serve as a sepulchre for a whole family. At the side of the urns, or coffins, were placed the arms of warriors, the mirrors of women, the prizes of victors, the toys of children, or whatever else the dead had valued most when living.

The Romans disposed of their dead in some respects in the same manner as the Greeks. In the later times of the republic, burning was the general custom, and, under the empire, it was almost universally practised; but, as Christianity spread, it was gradually discontinued, falling into disuse in the fourth century of our era. The corpse, when buried, was sometimes placed in a coffin of Assian stone, which came from Assos, in Troas, and which had the property of consuming, in forty days, the whole body, with the exception of the teeth, whence it received the name of *sarcophagus*, or flesh-eater. When the dead was consumed by fire, the nearest relative gathered the bones and ashes, sprinkled them with perfumes, and placed them in a vessel called *urna*, which was made of various materials, according to the circum-

stances of individuals. Most of the funeral urns in the British Museum are of marble, alabaster, or baked clay, and of various shapes, commonly square or round. The name of the deceased is generally inscribed upon them, also the time and place of birth and death, and finally the name of the person who presented the urn. Only in a few cases was it allowed to place the urns in sepulchres within a city. By a rescript of Hadrian, those who took the remains of a person into a city were liable to a penalty of forty *auri*, and the spot where the burial had taken place was confiscated. Places of burial were provided for poor citizens who could not afford to purchase ground for the purpose. The tombs of the rich were commonly built of marble, and the ground inclosed with an iron railing or a wall, and planted with trees. Private tombs were built either for a single person or for a whole family, and were provided with niches, to receive the funeral-urns, which sometimes gave them the appearance of pigeon-houses, on account of which such a tomb was called a *columbarium*. It was customary to select burial-places by the side of roads leading to cities, and the tombs on the Appian Way formed an almost uninterrupted street for many miles from the gates of Rome.

Christianity and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body abolished also in Scandinavia and Germany the ancient custom of burning the dead; but its complete success dates hardly from the tenth or twelfth century of our era. In Denmark and Iceland interment was generally preferred, but in Norway and Sweden it was always customary to dispose of the dead by cremation. The corpse was put upon the funeral-pile fully dressed, with arms, jewelry, household utensils, horse, dog, wife, servant, and especially with money. The cremation was effected either on a level plain, or in a vehicle, or on a ship. The ashes were either scattered on the sea, or collected into an urn or other vessel, and buried in the soil, or a mound was raised over them, which was covered and surrounded with stones. Whoever was not slain in battle, killed himself, in order to escape old age. Suicide was considered honorable, and men and women chose to be dead rather than live in grief and pain. The ancient Scandinavians believed that if they died a violent death they would immediately be transferred to the Walhalla, or Vallhul, to live and feast with Odin. The women were to live with Freyja, the Goddess of Love. The German races also considered it happiness to fall on the battle-field, and when a Teuton was dying in his hut he pushed his lance into his body, that he might die while his blood was flowing. Among the Herulians, the sick and aged would beg to be beaten to death.

An equally firm trust that man is immediately translated into some other sphere of existence still prevails among savage races. In the Feejee Islands parents are generally killed by their children. Sometimes the aged people make up their minds to die; sometimes the children give notice to their parents that they are a burden. A family consultation is thereupon held, a day appointed, and the grave dug. The aged person has his choice of being strangled or buried alive.

The Feejeeans consider this custom so great a proof of affection that none but children can be found to perform it. The reason is, that they are persuaded that they will instantly pass into another state of existence, where they will be just what they were when they died. The Feejeeans generally bury the body in a sitting posture.

The great Turanian race, of which the Chinese, Mongols, Tartars, and Finns, are the modern representatives, believed also in the deathlessness of souls, and that the spirits of the dead could still make use of the weapons, ornaments, and utensils, which they had used in life, and could be served by their slaves, horses, and dogs, as well as live on the food from which they derived nourishment in this world. Their sepulchres are, therefore, constructed on the model of the abodes of the living. When a man died, he was generally left, with all his possessions, in his tent, which, for protection, was covered with a mound of earth or stones. This is, doubtless, the origin of the sepulchral tumulus.

New-Zealanders also were buried in their houses, which were left with all they contained. They, too, believed in a future state that was entered upon immediately after death, and missionaries could not induce them to accept the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. Similarly, the islanders of Torres Straits use the ordinary huts as dead-houses; and, in the great Central African kingdom of Bornou, every one is buried under the floor of his own house, without monument, and sometimes the house is occupied as usual, but among the great it is abandoned. The Dahomans, Yorubas, and other races of the Gold Coast, do the same.

In British Columbia, and among many of the prairie tribes of North America, the dead are generally sewed up in a skin or blanket, and placed either on the boughs of a tree or on a scaffold, the personal property of the deceased being placed near the body. The Patagonians freed the bones of the dead from the flesh, and cleansed, bleached, and strung them together in order; then, in about a year, they packed them in a hide and carried them, with the best clothes, arms, or horse of the deceased, to his family burying-ground.

The Tahitians, likewise, do not bury their dead at once, but put them, carefully protected, on a raised platform until entirely decayed; then the bones are collected, scraped, cleaned, and buried. Sometimes the head is not deposited with the rest of the body, but in a box. They believe in the survival of the soul, and destroy children, and the old, and diseased.

While thus the large mass of mankind has always striven to expedite the dissolution of the body, a small number of races have, from the most remote antiquity, made it a subject of tender and serious consideration to guard the human body after death from all chance of destruction. These races fostered the belief that the dead were to be reanimated, after a more or less extended period; hence it was necessary that the body should be preserved from all injury, and, if possible, from all corruption, that the soul might find it uninjured on the day of the resurrection. No

people have paid more care and labor on the preservation of the dead than the Egyptians. They believed that, after a subterranean pilgrimage, the soul was to reenter the body, and give it movement and life. The Jews also believed in the resurrection of the dead, and hence they covered the corpses with spices, to preserve them for a while from corruption. Eighty pounds of spices were used at the funeral of Rabbi Gamaliel, and Nicodemus furnished a hundred pounds' weight of a mixture of myrrh and aloes for the burial of Jesus. Every Jew wished to be buried in that land where the Messiah should come to reign, and call the dead from their graves. Jacob's and Joseph's embalmed remains were returned to the land of Canaan; and it was a popular belief among the Jews that the bodies of the righteous, wherever else buried, rolled back to Canaan underground. This land of the resurrection was called by them "the land of the living," and the sepulchres were "houses of the living."

The Christians of the first century gave to their burial-grounds the name of cemetery, which means "sleeping-place," or "dormitory." It was taught that every one would rise from the grave wherever he had heard the word of God and believed in it. Hence, as the Jews wished to be buried in Canaan, so every Christian wished to be laid in the ground adjoining his church. A church-yard, consecrated by the benediction of the sprinkling of holy water, took, therefore, the place of the Holy Land. Unbelievers could not be interred in it; and, where municipal laws rendered it incumbent to receive also the bodies of heretics, they were buried in a portion of the cemetery which was not considered as forming part of the sacred ground, and which, in fact, had not been consecrated. The practice of burying the dead or of preserving their ashes within the limits of human habitations had been strictly forbidden by ancient Greece and Rome. But the early Christians fostered the belief that their resurrection would be made surer if their bodies were buried near the tomb of a martyr. Thus, when it became the custom to deposit the remains of the saints and martyrs in or under a church, it became customary also to place the graves of Christians in the ground around it. The large revenues derived from performing the rites of burial induced the clergy to foster the superstition of the people in regard to the sanctity of cemeteries, and to teach them that it is necessary for their future salvation to be buried in them. Man was thus made to grow up with the belief that the church within whose precincts he was born had absolute control over the weal and woe of both his body and his soul. When the doctrine of purgatory was introduced, and, in consequence of it, the necessity of saying mass for the relief of the dead, had been inculcated, then the hold of the church over the people was complete.

Though the superstition of Holy Land cemeteries has to some extent been removed by Protestantism, which teaches that it is not the place of burial which sanctifies the dead, but that it is the presence of the dead which renders the ground sacred, yet there are numerous persons who find it still difficult to

overcome the feeling which leads them to think it is best to be interred in consecrated ground.

It was self-evident that the public health in large cities was very apt to be endangered by the prevailing practice of burying the dead in the midst of human habitations. Nevertheless, the pernicious custom continued for a thousand years, and if, during the last fifty years, the superstitious or religious feeling of the people had not been greatly modified through the influence of science, the dead would still be buried in the hearts of cities and under the feet of the living. In England, as late as thirty years ago, and in some districts still later, the custom prevailed of burying the dead in towns. The committee appointed in 1842 by the House of Commons to investigate the evils arising from this practice, reported that the parochial divisions of the metropolis, and the rapid increase of population in each division, had filled the graveyards in the very heart of the densest neighborhoods, in a manner described as "sickening and horrible." Thus, "the most wealthy, moral, and civilized community in the world," as the report was pleased to describe the English nation, was as much overpowered by traditional feelings in regard to the dead as any of the savage communities of ancient or modern times.

There is horror in every mode of disposing of the dead, and no scientific process can very materially lessen it. It is the duty of intelligent men to make such provision for the dead as will not injure the living. Nevertheless, man will always be less intent on performing his funeral rites in accordance with the latest researches in chemistry than in a manner intended to relieve the painful feelings which attend them. Grief for the dead will always suggest such rites as correspond with the traditional ideas of what is the most loving and honorable mode of parting with the remains of the deceased, and it matters little whether it is after the manner of the Feejeeans or Tahitians, Greeks or Romans, Brahmins or Buddhists, Parsees or Scandinavians, or any other people.

In the present state of popular feeling on this subject in our country, we must be satisfied when we see the dead deposited in the ground in such a manner that the earth can completely absorb and neutralize the products of decomposition. Cremation does not yet commend itself to our hearts. Some future day, when all our religious, superstitious, or traditional ideas, are changed, and our hearts are completely set on living solely by the laws of science, then we shall probably offer a premium for the discovery of an instantaneous destruction of the lifeless bodies of those we love.

G. A. F. VAN RHYN.

SOCIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

I.

BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

BROTHER-IN-LAW is a term so loosely used that the associations with it are rather indefinite. Men who marry sisters are frequently called brothers-in-law, though only

the brothers of our wives, or the husbands of our sisters, are properly so designated. Between relatives of this sort there seems to exist generally a natural, albeit an indefinite, antagonism. They are rarely overt foes, but still more rarely are they genuine friends. Whoever heard of brothers-in-law that were or are mutually attached, or that cherished even a one-sided affection? Neither history nor poetry shows or celebrates such examples. Polynices and Eteocles, I have always thought, ought to have been brothers-in-law, instead of brothers. There is a strong savor of the legal fraternity in *Æschylus's* setting forth of their deadly hatred, so posthumously active that their ashes would not mingle after their bodies had been consumed on the funeral-pyre.

For some reason or other, the spontaneous hostility of brothers-in-law appears to have escaped notice, or at least comment. But it will not be long, I opine, before their dislike shall become aphoristic. An analysis of their reciprocal animosity is not hard to make.

If a man particularly loves his sister—and most men do love their sisters, from the instinct of sex if not from sympathy—he is apt to resent her passionate and greater devotion to a stranger who comes later into her life, and who is to him, in some sense, always an alien. An idiosyncrasy of the masculine mind is to feel jealousy of any man who disturbs, displaces, or diminishes a feminine fondness it has once experienced and accepted. The brother of the wife, being necessarily neglected after the nuptial connection, begins to criticize the husband. Discovering in him higher qualities, the brother grows envious; discovering lower ones, contempt is begotten for the character of the spouse, and for the taste and judgment of the sister.

Should the brother not be very fond of his sister, should he be indifferent to her, he will regard her husband's love either as a reflection on himself, or as an evidence of his indiscrimination.

On the other hand, should the husband not be especially attached to his wife, her brother feels embittered toward his brother-in-law, whatever his own feeling for his sister. Much as we may dislike our own relatives, we do not recognize the right of anybody else to dislike them. The man who secretly disesteems, or even detests his sister, were that possible, disesteems or detests still more her husband when he does not yield her the regard and affection which the man himself is convinced she is incapable of inspiring. If we hate any one who hates our kinsfolk as we hate them, we seem to make some atonement to them and to ourselves for our antipathy or enmity; and our hatred of the hating alien appears to rehabilitate us in a certain way in our proper estimation.

Men have ever been the gratuitous, often the impertinent, counselors of women. Inclined to give the latter advice under all circumstances, they seldom suppress temper when their advice is not taken. With our feminine kindred, especially our sisters, this is invariably the case. The marriage does not, in our judgment, remove them from the need of our counsel, and, when we find that

their lieges have usurped our place in this regard, we deem them, without a particle of justification, interlopers and pretenders.

We know how incensed we should be if our wives' brothers should have the temerity to advise their sisters in the smallest matter; but we cannot comprehend why our sisters should listen to their husbands rather than to ourselves—why they should prefer what we regard as marital drivel to fraternal wisdom. In a little while we underrate the mind of our sister if she will continue to turn a deaf ear to us, and an attentive one to her *lord*.

In plain parlance, we entertain a sort of grudge against her, because she does not put her spouse in the second place and ourselves in the first. We do not shape this clearly, but it is exactly what it amounts to. Should she be half so foolish as our supreme egotism demands, we should count her an imbecile of the first water.

Behold how rational we are! We condemn our sister for what she is not, and should condemn her still more were she any thing else. We scarcely admit our dislike for her, preferring to make her husband responsible therefor. We ascribe the cause of our wounded vanity to him as a fault, and seek to palliate the wife's loyalty, as if it were part of the evil influence exercised upon her by her consort.

Indisposed to open rupture with our brothers-in-law for family reasons, we dislike them all the more on account of our chronic self-suppression. If we would only tell them exactly what we thought of them, our prejudice would lie abated by expression, and the illogicalness of our position at least partially demonstrated.

The brother of our wife, as, indeed, most of her masculine relations, seems superfluous. We may comprehend that things generally were created with a purpose, though why her brother or brothers should have been born puzzles our judgment. We are inclined to imagine that, in the ideal world, women will lose all their kinsmen before they are wedded. We dislike our wife's brother for nearly the same reasons that we dislike our sister's husband, except that the relation is altered. Strangely enough, we are unable to perceive why the husband, under the changed circumstances, should feel as we do in the home situation.

If the wife be fond of her brother, and sound his praises, we grow weary of hearing of his perfections—mayhap, a trifle jealous—and settle his claim autocratically by inwardly pronouncing him a prig or a coxcomb. We cannot refrain from satirical speeches at his expense, thus offending him and annoying her. His offense and her annoyance serve but to deepen our bias, until she is compelled to be on almost ill terms with him in order to keep on good terms with us.

All this usually happens when we make the acquaintance of the brother, after we have grown intimate with the sister. If he has been our friend before marriage—if he has been the means of leading us to our conubial destiny—he is not apt to continue our friend long after. Should she who bears our name prove half of what we had dared to

hope, she will absorb so much of our time and attention that we shall soon become estranged from her brother. In such event, he will regard us as weakly uxorious, not far removed from a milksop. Feeling that he has this thought, a steady aversion to him will grow up in our breast, and our repugnance will be in proportion to our past attachment. Presuming that we have made a matrimonial mistake, as so many of us do, we are very liable to associate the brother with our blunder, and hold him amenable.

It is not in human nature to accuse itself so long as anybody or any thing else can be accused. Walking with staring eyes into an open pit, we cannot be brought to admit that we have walked in that direction by our own volition.

Countless brothers-in-law have been detected and denounced in that they were the innocent agents of accidental connubiality. A man may forget—indeed, he frequently does forget—his obligations as a husband; but a brother is rarely unmindful of the care and protection he owes his sister, when she stands in need of either. The brother would be more or less mortal if he did not resent any neglect of his sister by her spouse. The slight, extending to studied neglect or positive cruelty, is quite enough to excite the demon in him—to convert his brother-in-law into an object of vengeance.

All things considered, it is not only not singular that brothers-in-law are lacking in mutual esteem and affection, but it is strange that they are able to keep on an fair and friendly terms as they do. When humanity is subject to reason and justice, as it is supposed to be in the moral philosophies; when love becomes a spiritual and permanent thing; when marriage rises to the realm of the ideal, brothers-in-law may be what they ought to be, considering their relation to one another.

What has been said may sound cynical—nothing is so cynical, perhaps, as truth—but the main question is in respect to its verity. Generalizations are safe when based on data with which we are acquainted. Look round upon the brothers-in-law in the circle of your acquaintance, and see how many of them have any genuine affinity for one another! Examine, if you will, your own feelings touching your wife's brother, or your sister's husband, and determine honestly whether you do not believe there is reason for the opinion that, in secret at least, brothers-in-law are more or less natural enemies.

II.

THE PIANO-PASSION.

The chief defect of modern education is its uniformity and routine. Certain studies are chosen, and every pupil is expected to pursue them, regardless of capacity, inclination, or taste. This is altogether true of music, particularly of piano-music, to which every girl in the land seems doomed to serve an apprenticeship, whether or not she have any conception of time or tune. The less aptitude she shows for it, the more necessary it is thought to be for her to devote herself to the uncongenial instrument. Her parents,

guardians, or friends, feel sure she has talent; all she needs is application for its proper development. Consequently, she is forced to spend precious hours every day over keys she never learns to touch save mechanically, and over notes possessed of no inward meaning. She may be strong enough to resist such misdirection of her faculties to escape from drudgery which refuses to bear fruit. But the probability is that, after a while, continuous pressure, putting her under the delusion shared by her kin, causes her to believe, in the face of Nature's contradiction, that she is really musical. Then the destiny of her disharmony is fixed. She wreaks herself on musical expression, without a responsive chord in her entire breast, ascending and descending the scale as she would go up and down the back stairs.

As a people, we are not musical—at least not in the sense in which the Germans and Italians are. We do not inherit any special love of music, and many of us cultivate it wholly against the grain. On account of this deficiency, it is well that we should try to remedy it by education, provided we do not go too far. To develop a latent quality is very different from struggling to develop something that does not exist. Musical instruction is always good as respects the attempt; but its continuance should depend upon the manner in which the instruction is received. The smallest growth is encouraging: the absence of all growth is not. A year, at the farthest, will show if a girl be designed by Nature for a piano-player. Unless in that time she reveal some promise, additional teaching will usually be wasted on her. Half of true education consists in remedying mistakes—commonly inseparable from any general plan; in undoing what has been done; in doing what has been neglected.

Parents are apt to see when their boy has no comprehension of mathematics, no sympathy with languages; when their girl is incapable of logic or of drawing; but they appear blind to the fact—patent to every one else—that the piano was never made for her; that she can never extract any thing profitable from it. They are determined she shall play, fondly thinking that effort of will is alone required to render her a brilliant performer. She can learn by dint of perseverance the notes, the keys, the fingering, the automatic form—in a word, the body of music. But to apprehend its soul rests on her soul, which may not be compelled to ways that are not its own. Music is so rare and sympathetic an art that it should be interpreted from within in order to awaken aspiration, or even produce pleasure. Surface manipulation is a disappointment—a source of annoyance, since it sets the appetite for the spiritual viands provokingly withheld.

The merely mechanical musician is a contradiction of his calling—as much so as a prosodist who should assume to be a poet, wanting imagination, appreciation of beauty, psychical insight. No music is far better than that which yields the husk without the meat of melody. A bagpipe (believed by some to have been formerly played in the rear of an army for the purpose of driving it on the enemy), in its wildest cacophony, is

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less disagreeable than ordinary thrumming on the key-board. And nineteen-twentieths of all the piano-performance in this country is little better than that.

The prevalent mania for the piano does not arise, as might be inferred, from musical enthusiasm. That would be a favorable sign. It is dictated by Fashion—it is held to be an accomplishment; hence the mania. A girl's education, whatever her other attainments, is thought to be incomplete unless she plays. When she plays, the solid and aesthetic branches may be neglected—there is grace sufficient in her power to disturb the keys vigorously, and torture listeners with ill-executed fantasias. She may be deplorably ignorant of the history of her own country; she may not write a grammatical letter; she may have a bad pronunciation; she may dress like a dowdy; her manners may be conspicuously faulty; but, then, she has been so absorbed with Chopin and Schumann, and has rendered them so often, that she has not a ghost of an idea of their significance. She can tell her friends by the hour how little she knows of the composers; and yet her acquaintance with them is so much greater than with aught else, that, by contrast, she appears absolutely learned.

Contemporaneous mothers seem more concerned about their daughters' "practising" than about their reading, their breeding, or their associations. It is the first thing they inquire after in the morning, and the last thing at night. "Mary, my dear, have you practised to-day?" is a stereotyped question in many households; and Mary, whether in the mood or not, is banished to the music-room for a stint of dolorous insipidities. Having discharged that solemn duty, she may do as she likes for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. No further maternal interest is taken in her until the "practising" period returns. Then consuming solicitude rebegins, and continues up to the time the bar is struck of that over-familiar air.

Who that has ever dwelt beneath a roof where "practising" was rife, but remembers it with execration? For a few days or weeks it may not be unpleasant; but, when it goes on through months and seasons with endless iteration, human patience gives way; the assailed ear recoils; fugacity suggests itself as the one thing desirable. A piano becomes associated with obnoxiousness; the sight of it grows painful, for it is transfigured into an instrument of torture.

The man who walked three miles through the snow to kick a piano had manifestly suffered from "practising." He may have been a piano-maniac, but there are many who, in the primitive meaning of the verb, sympathize with him fully. The piano, as mastered by Liszt, Von Bulow, or Rabinstein, is a wonder of delight; the piano, as teased by a school-girl, is a supreme pest.

I have heard of piano-persecuted members of my sex who have proposed to marry young women simply because the women could not play. They imagined that the merest hovel might be charming if it had never resounded to the notes of a piano; that any spot on earth might offer the comforts of a home relieved of the eternal clatter of the

black and white keys. As an unborn poet might have sung—

No wonder Adam worshiped Eve in Eden fair,
And slept in peace beneath the shadow of her
hair,
She was his Heaven-appointed spouse—his queen
of horti-
Culture; because, dear girl, she had no piano-
forte!

I presume I may be prejudiced, but it seems to me that life holds some gifts almost equal to the gift of piano-playing. A woman may not be fascinating by that alone, and, when she executes slovenly, has no fire nor force in her method, no delicacy nor sweetness in her expression, not even correctness, she certainly might have employed her time to better purpose than in attempting music. The skill of Thalberg, the power of De Meyer, would scarcely compensate for the neglect of all other culture; the attainment of a dry, hard, commonplace style, assuredly would not. For the years of severe work—in most cases up-hill work, too—what do the would-be musical have as reward? Only the ability to render ordinary compositions in an ordinary manner. For so poor an accomplishment, they have allowed other talents to lie fallow; have slighted opportunities that may not return.

It is safe to say that more time is wasted in the republic over the piano than over any other one thing. In many instances it is not wasted, but in the majority it is, since the players have no prospect of achieving excellence, or even an average proficiency. A moderate degree of attention to music by those without qualification for it, may have advantages, but, when the unqualified devote themselves to it, their diligence only proportioned to their inadequateness, they are writing their names in sand, sowing seed on the rock. Music is a jealous and exacting mistress withal. She resents half-wooing; frowns on those who hope to gain her favor by mere flirtation. To stand well with her, one must be constantly in her train, offering incense to her, weaving chaplets for her brow. Such attachment they alone can afford who are spiritually in union with her, who can command her sweetest smiles.

The passion young women feel or feign for the piano seldom extends beyond marriage. Any new affection, if ardent, supplants the old. A husband is a most dangerous rival to the instrument—soon prevails over it completely—reduces it to silence. Girls who have been steadily drilled at the key-board, who have studied at Leipsic, Dresden, Milan, Paris, who have declared that their beloved art shall always be their consolation, that they would be wretched without it, generally desert the piano the moment they thrust their head into the matrimonial noose. Mozart, Bellini, Donizetti, Beethoven, are forgotten very speedily after the practical overture to domesticity begins, and their memory is not revived except at long intervals. They may then wish they had learned something else than marches, waltzes, fantasias, and sonatas, for they see, perhaps for the first time, that life, instead of being a concert, is full of discords, and needs something more than artistic treatment.

Good counsel may be embraced in this: let her who can, triumph over the piano, but she should beware lest the piano triumph over her.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE CANON OF THE COLORADO, AND THE MOQUIS PUEBLOS.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHNSON'S Ranch, where I took quarters during my weary waiting of six weeks, is in a little valley, about one hundred miles northwest of the Colorado. Being peculiarly adapted for stock-raising, it is chiefly remarkable for its sheep, horses, kine, and milkmaids. Among the six families living there, I found it extremely difficult to get any one to accompany me on my proposed jaunt, as the route ran through the Apache and Navajo country. At length, the inducement of fifty dollars a month and expenses paid, secured me one companion, James Carlton; and with our train, consisting of three horses and two mules, we set out on the morning of the 14th of August, 1872, for the Moquis Pueblos of Arizona, two hundred miles away, through a country occupied by the most blood-thirsty and savage of the nomadic tribes.

On the 15th, we reached Jacob's Pool, where we found the Mormon John D. Lee, with his wife and daughter Maria. Mr. J. W. Beadle, correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, had also made a halt there, on his way from the Navajo country to Utah; but, as he had written a book in which both Lee's character and Mormonism had been shown up in not the most complimentary terms, he was traveling under the name of John Hanson. Lee, having equally cogent reasons for not making the acquaintance of strangers in his legitimate character, was introduced as Major Doyle, and by this little *finesse* the unpleasantness that might have ensued was avoided. Murder will out, however, and, during some of Lee's long-winded yarns, the dexterous newspaper-man wormed out Lee's identity, but, inadvertently, dropped a card, which was found by Mrs. Lee soon after his departure, revealing who John Hanson really was. Fortunately, Beadle was well on his way, or, as Lee himself said, he "would have given the d—d Gentile a blast that would have lasted him home!"

On the 16th, we arrived at the junction of the Paria. Finding an old boat at the river, we succeeded, after two days' hard labor, in getting our animals and goods to the eastern shore. Here we tarried until the morning of the 19th, when we were startled by a loud whoop, and, looking upward to the cliffs, we saw two Indians coming down over rocks, each leading a donkey, loaded with blankets and buckskins. They appeared friendly, and seemed glad as well as surprised at meeting white men that side of the river. At first, from their dress, we thought them Navajoes, but upon inquiry found them to be Moquis, and residents of Oribay. They

were on their way to Kanab with their skins and blankets, which they desired to turn into horses. We offered them the boat to cross with, but they seemed afraid to undertake it alone, and, with great gravity, tendered me a ten-cent stamp, evidently not in its first youth, to ferry them across. I declined this magnificent remuneration, and proposed to take them over for the mere pleasure of serving them. A difficulty now arose: they were afraid to enter the boat. But, after performing various mysterious rites, such as bowing toward each point of the compass, and sprinkling meal, first on the land and then on the water, they

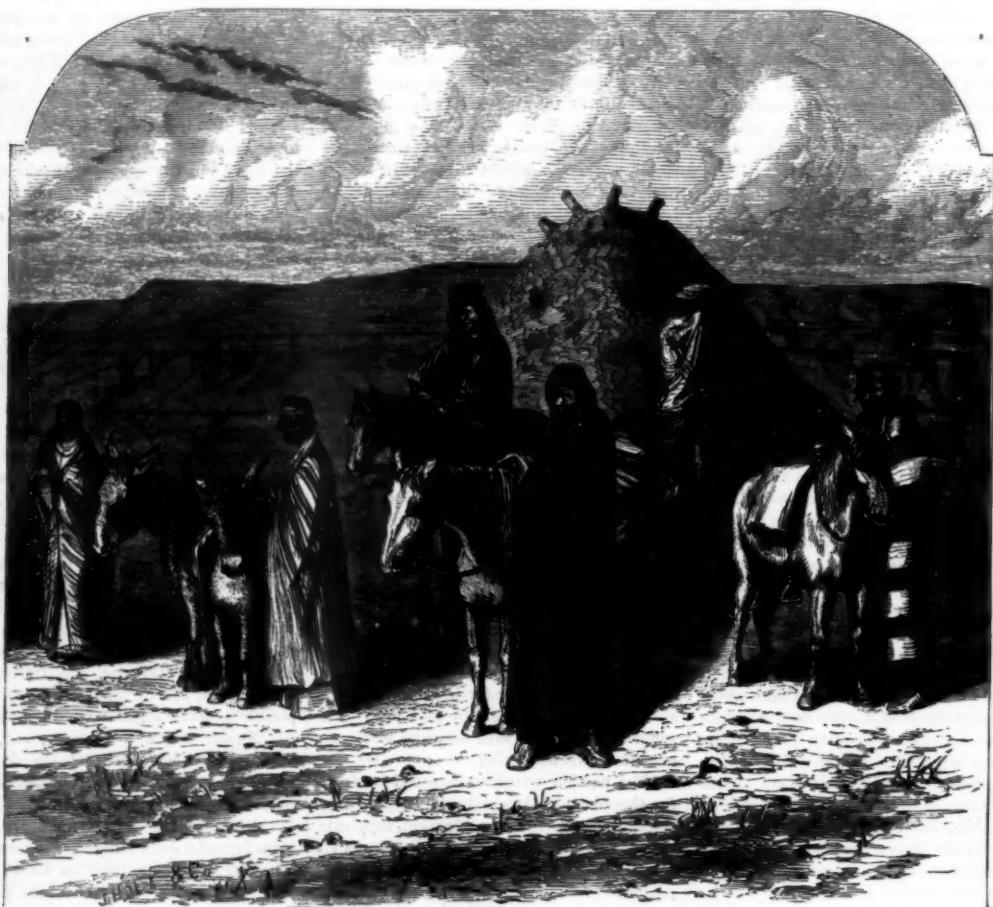
two tribes, a treaty was made that the Utes were to remain on the Utah side of the Colorado, while the Moquis kept to the eastern part of Arizona. Until very recently, the Moquis are said to have held strictly to the agreement; but the Utes, less steadfast, have treacherously upon the Moquis territory in large bands for years.

On the morning of the 20th, without further delay, we packed up and started for the interior.

Our course had been south, and nearly parallel with the river, but now we had frequently to make a *détour* around mountain-

first time put upon the mules to secure them from Indian horse-thieves, while we kept on the alert for indications of the red-skins, watching and sleeping by turns to guard against surprises. In a narrow cañon we fortunately found deep pools of water in the limestone. A limestone stratum is hailed with delight by one traveling in this region, because sandstone absorbs water like an ash-heap, and, even immediately after a storm, no water is to be found except in the limestone formations.

On the 22d we had made twenty miles, and camped near the Thousand Wells. About



NAVAJO INDIANS.

finally made the venture, and were rowed across. Apart from the satisfaction a white man must naturally feel in doing a kindness to his red brother, there was this consideration: it was cheaper to ferry them over than to feed them all the way to Oribay, which we should have had to do, had we not made it possible for them to continue their journey. These were, so far as I could learn, the first of the Moquis that had ventured to the northwest bank of the Colorado on a trading expedition. There is, in fact, a tradition among the Utes to the effect that, many moons ago, at the termination of a war between these

spurs. The desert on this side was steep and rough, the sharp, quartz-rocks cutting the hoofs of the mules like a knife. Frequent "signs" of Indians were discovered. On the 21st, we halted at Limestone Water-pockets, having made during the day eighteen miles.

Thus far we had followed the Vermilion Cliffs, our course being generally south by east, leaving the river gradually on our right. We were now in a country occupied by a renegade band of Pah-Utes, and the greatest caution became necessary for the safety of our little camp. Iron hopples were for the

a mile to the right of us lay a rolling country composed of solid rock, with an occasional *butte* of sandstone from three to eight hundred feet in height, that seemed in the distance like towers and castles of human erection. These curious formations are unquestionably the work of the simonds, which have here a similar action to that of water. Some of these *buttes* are rich with hieroglyphics, and in many places the ruins of walls are found, while broken pottery covers the ground in all directions. Among these rocks are numberless pools of water, from which the place derives its name. The soil of the valley is sandy,

and in dry seasons would be an arid waste; but there having been a great deal of wet weather, we found plenty of good grass, and the mules kept in splendid condition.

On the morning of the 23d we were considerably excited by discovering the tracks of Indians in the vicinity of our camp. For the first time I appreciated the feelings of Robinson Crusoe, as described when he discovered the impress of a human foot upon the sand of his solitary island. The fact that *tracks only* were visible increased our uneasiness, as it was impossible to know the extent and character of the danger by which we were menaced, this being the summer hunting-grounds of the Apaches. Fears of ambuscade made every object the screen of red-skinned foes. Several times through the day we lost the trail completely, and wandered the whole afternoon, with only a vague idea where we were. Just at night, by sheer good luck, we struck it again; and, following it a short distance, found some "water-pockets," where we immediately pitched our camp, and turned our poor beasts loose to feed on the bunch-grass,* confident that they would not go far from the water. Near this spot were two large cactus-trees, at least thirty feet high, of the species known as bayonet-cactus, from the fact that its thorns are from one to three feet in length, and very sharp. Although at times this place must have been an arid, sandy waste, it was now blooming with the yellow-and-red cactus, interspersed with the royal purple of the delicate prickly-pear blossom.

The authors of the "tracks" were not discovered, and the evening of the 24th found us on the banks of the Moincoppee, in the midst of a Navajo camp, surrounded by corn-fields. None of the male portion of the band were at home, but women and papooses made the welkin ring. We had expected to find Tuba and his wife, Telastanimkie, and several others of note, here from the Pueblos, who, it was said, were starting a new settlement in this vicinity. Tuba, formerly a chief in Ori-bay, had visited Utah the preceding summer, and there imbibed some of the enterprise and go-aheadiveness of the Yankees. Like all progressionists, he straightway resolved to forsake the "antiquated halls" of his forefathers, and establish a settlement after his own more modern plan. To say that we were disappointed in not meeting this personage here, would but mildly express our feelings on the subject. A council was immediately held, at which it was concluded that Tuba's settlement must be fifty miles farther down, and near the San Francisco Mountains, and that we should press on.

The report that diamonds had been found at the head-waters of the Flax, or Colorado Chiquito, which was only fifty miles distant from where we now were, set us to examining every ant-hill we passed. As diamond-hunters, we picked up no fortunes, however, but found in our search several exquisite moss-agates, and a few small garnets. The Moincoppee is a small stream emptying into the Flax River, and its course lies through a val-

ley, or cañon, half a mile wide, with walls having an average altitude of fifteen hundred feet. The soil of this valley is good, and there is an abundance of cotton-wood timber; but the bottom-lands are undoubtedly submerged during high water.

Just as we had gone into camp, at night-fall, a young Navajo, in all the glory of paint and feathers, rode in. This tribe is not a tribe of beggars, but any one of them would steal a blanket from under you with as much ease and grace as a New-York pickpocket would relieve a man of his watch; and, as for stock-stealing, they have no equals. This brave evidently considered himself one of Nature's noblemen, and seemed somewhat surprised that there were only two of us, inquiring at once if there were no more coming. We made answer that Jacob Hamblin would be along in a few days; and, after supping with us, during which time he stated that there was a camp of his people fifteen miles farther on, he started off in the direction of the camp we had passed in the afternoon.

An hour's hard climbing before sunrise on the 25th brought us out of the Moincoppee Valley. For about eight miles we traveled on a high, rolling upland, only to descend into another chasm, that seemed like plunging into the bowels of the earth. On the smooth sandstone, which we had to descend at an angle of 60°, we lost the trail, and for several miles our traveling was mere guess-work, our only guides being a few cornfields, which we descried at a distance. Keeping these steadily in view, we journeyed toward them, confident that where there was corn there must be people; but, descending the cliff, we again concluded that our premises were at fault, for not a sign of life could we discover, amid the waving corn; not even a domestic animal appeared to indicate life.

When we had passed nearly all the fields, and about made up our minds that the folks had all gone to church, it being Sunday, we were suddenly brought to realize that we were traveling in an Indian country, by a whoop that brought our mules to a stand, and almost instantly we were surrounded by half a dozen naked savages. Finding that one of them could speak a little Spanish, I asked to be conducted to the chief, and, following a trail up the side of the cliff for about two hundred feet, we came to a jutting rock, upon which stood the governmental *wick-e-up* (house). This *wick-e-up* is constructed of poles and brush covered with mud, and here, amid the snarling of dogs and the squalling of papooses, we found the chief sitting in state, attended by seven or eight warriors, who in turn were supported by six young squaws, who in beauty surpassed any I had seen among the Indian races. We were graciously received, and after eating some green corn, set before us by one of the women, I pulled out my calumet, and we took a general puff all round.

Having thus gone through the formalities proper to the opening of our council, the chief inquired where we were from and where going to. "We were," he said, "the smallest party he had ever seen passing through his country without Indian guides or escort, and closed his remarks by gravely asking if

we were not afraid to venture so far from the settlements alone.

To this harangue I replied that possibly danger might be apprehended from the renegade Pah-Utes or Apaches, on this side of the river, but so long as we were among the Navajoes we felt perfectly safe, adding that it was our intention to remain with them for one or two "sleeps." This bit of flattery and confidence in their honor seemed greatly to please them, and they all went out to assist in unpacking our mules, after which they started off to take them where there was "feed good." Whether or not they would ever be brought back to us again was problematical, still we made a virtue of necessity and thanked them warmly for their kindness and consideration.

Meanwhile I got out some indigo and powder, and began a brisk trade for buckskins. I also made them a few presents, and soon had the whole tribe in great good-humor. We then spread our blankets near the *wick-e-up* of the chief, and went to sleep as sweetly and soundly as if certain what might befall us before dawn of day.

The cañon at this place is a quarter of a mile wide, with a fertile soil watered by springs. The cliffs or walls are of a chalky formation mixed with sandstone and shale, and, as there are only one or two places of access to it, it could be easily defended in case of an attack. In consequence of this it seems to be a general rendezvous for those Navajoes who are dissatisfied with the reservation arrangements at Fort Defiance. Here they raise corn, melons, and pumpkins, and when game is wanted they go on a hunting-excursion to the San Francisco Mountains, often in company with the Apaches.

My first impulse on awaking the following morning was to feel the top of my head, and, finding my scalp in its usual condition, grew ashamed of my fears, and this sentiment was heightened when, upon calling for our beasts, after breakfast, they were brought to us by one of the young men, looking as fresh as daisies. After making some pictures of the braves and their squaws, we engaged a guide to help us out of the cañon, and again pushed forth. We had a terribly rough and steep trail over chasm and crag—sometimes on the rocks, sometimes knee-deep in sand, and both ourselves and animals became completely fagged before gaining the upper country.

On our way out of the cañon we passed several cliffs, on the top of which our guide pointed out to us the ruins of Moquis cities. After parting from the guide and gaining the plains, we traveled nearly due east for twelve miles, when the trail left the plain, and, ascending a steep bluff, wound among the rocks and ledges to a height of two thousand feet. None but mules accustomed to this kind of travel could possibly have succeeded in reaching the summit.

On our way up we passed the Ori-bay Gardens, which greatly resemble the vineyards on the hill-sides of Genoa. These gardens consist of about a dozen beds, from ten to twelve feet square, ranged on the side of the hill in terraces. Onions, lettuce, cabbages, and several varieties of flowers, were here

* This bunch-grass is exceedingly like wild-oats, and is found on the bleak mountain-sides as well as in the rocky desert. Stock prefer it to Eastern hay or grain.

growing, watered by a large spring, boiling out from under the rocks. There was no sign of habitation in the vicinity, and probably the cultivators of the gardens lived at some distance.

Arriving at the summit of the Mesa, we found that we were yet seven miles from Oribay, and hence paused to rest.

E. O. BRAMAN.

A NEW PLAY AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

TO us busy denizens of the great American republic the theatre is an amusement, a distraction, nothing more; but in Paris it assumes an importance which, to a transatlantic mind, is almost inconceivable. Months before a new play by a celebrated author is produced, the papers begin to busy themselves about it. He is meditating it—it is begun—he is writing it—it is promised to this theatre—no, to that—it is finished, offered, read, accepted, cast; it is in rehearsal, and will be played in about three months! Then come all the anecdotes and gossip of behind the scenes. Mme. Chose is dissatisfied with her part; Mdlle. Une-Telle is specially engaged for the rôle of the heroine. M. X— plays the hero divinely. At last the first night comes. The house is crowded with the literary and artistic lions of Paris, with the very *crème de la crème* of the fashionable world, and with the *demi-monde*. Then the newspapers are filled with accounts of the first night, details of the acting, full accounts of the plot, and minute descriptions of the dresses. Whole columns of the editorial space are devoted to the great event, and it is not till the first week of the new piece is over, and it has settled down into the first stretch of the long run which a successful play always enjoys in Paris, that the critics and journalists find time to turn their attention to other things. To give some idea of the importance attached to theatrical matters here, the *Figaro* lately devoted two of its editorial columns one day, and three the next, to the first representation of the "Sphinx," by Octave Feuillet, while the last elections were dismissed with a little over half a column. To be sure, they went republican, which may have been a reason for the comparative neglect accorded to them by that eminently anti-republican sheet.

The chief cause of the great importance attached to dramatic matters here is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that, in Paris, the drama is really one of the fine arts, and, as such, is deemed worthy of all care by its producers, and of all attention by its spectators and critics. Not only are French actors and actresses trained to their art with an expenditure of years of study and toil, but the minutest details of costume, scenery, and accessories are, in the great theatres of Paris, made the object of special care and devotion. One or two instances will suffice to give an idea of the extent to which this accuracy is carried, in historical dramas, especially. When "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV." was in course of preparation at the Odéon, the libraries and

portrait-galleries of Paris were ransacked for authorities on costume, furniture, etc., and the directors were much grieved at being unable to obtain a model of the dog-leashes used at that period for coupling the fifteen pair of beautiful hounds which are used in the hunting-scene. It is well that the model they did use was a strong one, for several of the dogs, beholding their masters in the orchestra-chairs (most of them being lent for the occasion), made frantic demonstrations of delight, and frenzied efforts to get at them; and, had the leashes snapped, the four-footed actors would have crossed the foot-lights at a bound. It would have been all up with the comedy of Alexandre Dumas had such a catastrophe taken place, for the irrepressible Parisians would have brought down the curtain amid shouts of inextinguishable laughter.

During the whole of the representations of "The Youth of Louis XIV.," as well as during those of "Jeanne d'Arc" at the *Gâtelé*, the portrait of the personage which each actor or actress in the piece was to represent was placed on his or her dressing-table, so that in all details of appearance and costume the outward semblance of the performer should accord as closely as possible with the reality. In consequence of which precaution, and the preceding minuteness of care and study given to all the details, the different characters of the two pieces were as *visceral* in appearance as though the ancient, historic portraits had been suddenly endowed with life and motion. *Molière*; *Louis XIV.*, in his splendid and fiery youth; the princely boy-fop, *Gaston d'Anjou*; the foxy old Italian, *Mazarin*; *Anne of Austria*, stately and dignified in her royal matronhood; and the fragile, girlish *Henrietta of England* (daughter of Charles I.), all moved before us in the garb and semblance which they wore two centuries ago. So perfect was the reproduction of that superb and vanished court, that it went far to indemnify the spectators for the tediousness and want of action of the drama itself. So, when months of care and attention are bestowed upon the production of a single play, it is the less to be wondered at that the press and public accord it a degree of attention which no dramatic event ever receives on our side of the Atlantic. Perhaps had we Lafontaine, Mounet-Sully, Ravel, Croizette, Sarah Bernhardt, and Lio Félix, to act for us, and Octave Feuillet, Sardou, Dumas, and Jules Sandeau, to write our plays, we should be disposed to grant the stage a little more of our thoughts and our respect.

A new play, by a writer of the literary merit and standing of Octave Feuillet, is peculiarly calculated to attract the attention of the Parisian critics and theatre-goers. A member of the sacred Forty of the French Academy, and celebrated for the exquisite finish and delicacy of his style, no less than for the originality and interest of his works, the accomplished author of "Montjoye" and "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" is sure of an eager and intelligent audience for any work which he may produce, be it novel, or comedy, or, as in his latest piece, a tragedy. Yet the "Sphinx," though christened by its author "Une Dame," can hardly be called a tragedy, notwithstanding its tragic ending.

By the character of its heroine, as well as by the general incidents and development of the plot, it belongs more to the class of half-gay, half-serious pieces with which Sardou and the authors of "Frou-Frou" have of late years enriched the Parisian stage. It is far from being the perfect work of art which one might reasonably expect to receive from so experienced and accomplished a pen; the first two acts are too slow in action, too barren of incident, and drag their length along in a wearisome fashion. But the third and fourth acts are short, spirited, and crowded with interest and action; and, above all, the great closing scene of the last act, the interview between the two rival heroines, would go far to redeem the tedium of a much more wearisome beginning.

The first and second acts take place in the midst of a *réle* given by the *Admiral de Chelles*. His son, a seaman like himself, is away on a cruise, and the *admiral* is the self-constituted guardian of his daughter-in-law, *Blanche de Chelles*. This character is a real creation. She is a type of those brilliant and reckless coquettish who, in their thirst for admiration and folly, forget principles, appearances, all things save the objects of their lives, the adulation of men, and the luxury of a lavish expenditure. Superb in dress, reckless and dashing in manners, *Blanche* draws after her a train of adorers, comprising a provincial dandy, *M. de Lajordais*, a pianist named *Ulrich*, *M. Everard*, a lieutenant in the navy, and, finally, a Scottish nobleman, *Lord Astley*, who alone of all her admirers contributes at all to the action of the play. This wild, unprincipled, wayward woman has yet one pure fibre untouched in her perverted nature—it is her love for her adopted sister and childhood's friend, *Berthe de Savigny*, who, with her husband, resides in the *château*, whose grounds adjoin those of the *Château de Chelles*, and it is to be near this beloved friend that *Blanche* has come to inter herself in the country, and to hold her court so far from the whirl of Parisian gayety. We see her in the first act, gay, brilliant, fêted and followed, and dazzling to behold in her dress of black lace, thickly and closely embroidered all over with jet, and worn above an under-dress of maize-colored silk. The striking and piquant face of Mlle. Croizette, the young and gifted actress who personates the heroine, is admirably suited to the character she represents. Not strictly beautiful, but singularly expressive and original, that mobile, picturesque countenance, with its great dark eyes, aquiline nose, and broad, low brow, over which are drawn the *crêpe* masses of her dark, abundant hair, is one to be remembered, when faces of more regular loveliness have faded into oblivion. *M. de Savigny*, the husband of *Berthe*, does not approve of the conduct and manners of her dashing and admired friend, and he exacts from his wife a promise that their intercourse shall cease. *Berthe* communicates the sad tidings of the approaching separation to her beloved *Blanche*, who demands from *M. de Savigny* an explanation of his reasons. It is in the course of this interview that *M. de Savigny* utters the truthful maxim which, if fully acted upon, would do much to change the manners of our best society.

"Les bienséances font partie de l'honnêteté." He reads *Blanche* a lecture on the recklessness of her conduct and the lightness of her manners, and declares that a woman has in his eyes but one excuse for setting at naught the laws of society, and that is the impulse of a real and irresistible passion. In answer to this, *Blanche* throws a packet of letters on the sofa.

"Read these letters," she cries; "they were written in the days when my too full heart overflowed, but they never were sent to their address—read them and understand me better."

"I will not read them," makes answer *De Savigny*.

"Then leave them there, my father-in-law will read them if you will not," cries the reckless creature. The *admiral* enters, and is about to pick up the letters; and *Blanche*, calm and smiling, awaits her doom, when *Savigny* hastens to claim them. Left alone, a short struggle ensues in his mind, but curiosity and a deeper interest conquer, and the curtain falls as he opens the first letter. This scene reveals the motive of the drama. *Blanche* loves the husband of her friend, and he, in his turn, feels that he is only too deeply interested in the strange, wild, attractive woman, against whose misdemeanors he is so bitter, and from whose presence he is ready to escape.

The scenery of this first act is very beautiful. It represents an illuminated conservatory, filled with rare plants, and decorated with flowering shrubs and delicate blossoms. A salvo of applause greeted it on the night of the first representation, and some wicked critics suggested that the scene-painter should have been called before the curtain, an occurrence which would have found no precedent in the annals of the world's chief theatre.

The second act shows us *M. de Savigny*, constrained, troubled, uneasy. The *fête* continues, and the ladies appear in brilliant ball-costume. Mlle. Croizette is superb in a dress of pale-blue satin, with a long train opening in front, on a skirt of white satin, covered with small flounces. The corsage is without sleeves, and from one shoulder falls a scarf of silver gauze, the ends knotted on the skirt. A rich fan, of mother-of-pearl and lace, hangs from her side, and a band of diamonds, set in silver, confines the masses of her hair. The tall, slender Sarah Berhardt, who plays the rôle of *Berthe* with so much spirit and sweetness, wears in this act an elegant dress of straw-colored *gaze de Chambéry*, trimmed with garlands of yellow roses and green leaves. Parisian actresses often set the fashion in dress, and I expect that these charming toilettes will be extensively copied.

Berthe, like her husband, is troubled and uneasy—she is jealous. The unerring instinct of a loving heart has caused her to suspect the growing passion of *Savigny*. *Blanche* forces from *Berthe* the avowal of her jealousy, and then bids her hide behind the tapestry to listen to her interview with *Lord Astley*. He has implored her to elope with him, and she consents. They are to meet in an hour at the Carrefour des Trois Chênes, over in the park. He leaves her, and then *Berthe*, rushing from her hiding-place, falls at *Blanche's* feet, and

implores her to relinquish her fearful resolution. It is all in vain—and *Berthe* quits the ball in despair, accompanied by her husband.

The curtain rises on the third act. The scene represents a lonely glade in the park, illuminated by the rays of an unseen moon, which glimmer in silver lines on the bosom of a quiet lake in the background. *Lord Astley*, who has accompanied *Berthe* and her husband across the park, here takes leave of them. When he is gone, *Berthe* can no longer contain her anxiety and her distress. She tells all to her husband, and implores him to save her friend. She goes, leaving him alone to meet *Blanche*, who soon appears, and a stormy scene ensues between her and *Savigny*.

"Rather than let you go, I will kill you!" she cries, seizing her by the wrists.

"You love me, then?" exclaims *Blanche*.

The answer is a silent one—one impassioned embrace—and then they part, with *Blanche's* fervent exclamation, "Ah, that I could die!" But *Berthe* has heard all—seen all. Slowly she comes forward, and, as her rival vanishes, she falls senseless, with these words upon her lips: "Ah, it is rather I who should long to die!"

The fourth act is the most striking and dramatic of the whole play. *Blanche* and her father-in-law come to visit *Mme. de Savigny*. They have come on horseback, and *Croizette* looks charming in her riding habit. The *admiral* goes off with *De Savigny* to inspect some new buildings, and the two ladies are left alone.

Here ensues the grand scene of the piece, the most eloquent, touching, and beautiful one that has ever emanated from the pen of Octave Feuillet. The two great actresses, side by side, seem to strive with each other as to which should rule supreme over that moment of intense and vivid emotion. *Berthe* and *Blanche* recognize their respective situations. *Berthe* has found the letters of *Blanche*, and threatens to send them to the *admiral*, if *Blanche* does not at once quit Touraine and return to Paris. "If I go, will I go alone?" asks *Blanche*, in slow and bitter accents. Wild with emotion, *Berthe* seizes the letters—she will spare her rival no longer. Meanwhile, with set, sinister countenance, *Blanche* turns to the table, pours out a glass of water, opens the ring with a Sphinx's head, which she always wears, and which contains a fatal poison, and drops its contents into the water. *Berthe* is about to rush out with the accusing letters, but she pauses, hesitates, turns back, and flings the letters at *Blanche's* feet. "I cannot do it—I cannot!" she cries. "Take them, go and be happy." She sinks exhausted on the sofa. "Water! water!" she gasps. *Blanche* takes up the fatal cup and approaches her rival, but she, too, falters in her turn, she cannot fulfill her purpose, and she puts down the glass.

"Kiss me, *Berthe*—once more—as you used to do!" she cries. *Berthe* complies, and for one instant the two women so long friends, now deadly rivals, are folded in a close embrace. Then *Blanche* releases *Berthe*, goes to the table, and drains herself the poisoned draught.

The awful death-scene that ensued was

worthy of *Rachel* in her palmiest days. By some strange process the face of Mlle. *Croizette* becomes perfectly livid, and her great, dilated, dark eyes seem starting from her head. A frightful convulsion seizes her, and with clinched hands she pushes back and up the heavy masses of her hair. In her struggles for breath she tears off her cravat, and wrenches open her corsage; a horrible rigidity takes possession of her limbs, and her features become fixed as stone. For a moment this awful, stiffened figure, with staring eyes and corpse-like face, confronts the audience, swaying backward and forward; then suddenly she falls, and *Berthe* throws a veil over the convulsed, rigid features, and wide-open eyes. The effect of this scene upon an audience composed of excitable, demonstrative Parisians, can hardly be imagined. Cries and exclamations of horror were heard all over the house, blended with some few hisses, but the latter were speedily checked by a roar of applause, which was protracted till the curtain was again lifted, and the two great artistes came forward to bow their acknowledgments.

The "Sphinx," notwithstanding the opposition of the critics, who see, in this powerfully-written play, with its beautiful scenery, elegant dresses, and realistic incidents, only a desecration of the "Maison de Molière," as they delight in calling the Théâtre Français, is the great dramatic success of the day. The critics are especially savage with Mlle. *Croizette* for her terrible death-agony, which they declare to be too realistic, too horrible for the realm of high art. But she has achieved a great triumph, and already the glories of her future career are rapturously predicted by her admirers. I have never seen her save in this one character, so I cannot tell how far her own personality went to fill up the outline of *Blanche de Chelles*, but, if the whole character were an entire assumption, not a personal revelation, I must pronounce Mlle. *Croizette* to be one of the most gifted actresses I have ever seen. The wild, wayward, bewitching, perverted woman, with germs of good and generous feeling still existing in her mature, capable of a pure and tender friendship, and of an absorbing love, comes as vividly before us, with all her faults and all her fascinations, as though *Rachel* herself had been her creator. And Octave Feuillet has narrowly escaped giving to the world a *chef-d'œuvre*. A little more incident and less languor and talk in the first two acts, a little more clearness of definition respecting the relation of the different characters to each other, would have made his play a success, not for Paris alone, but for the world. This piece is said to be his favorite of all the plays he has ever written, and, on the night of the first representation, he was nearly beside himself with nervousness and agitation. Many as are the plays he has given to the public, he has never yet been able to accustom himself to the chances and dangers of a first representation; and when this, the favorite offspring of his brain, was first brought before the public, his anxiety and emotion were very great, especially as he and *Croizette*, who is as capricious as she is talented, had had more than one serious

quarrel, she on one occasion, at rehearsal, having thrown up her part and quitted the theatre.

On the night of the full-dress general rehearsal the actors were so struck with the death-scene, that Delaunnoy, who plays *De Savigny*, remained stupefied and motionless, and Madame Pasco, the great actress of the Gymnase, who chanced to be among the spectators, fainted away. On reviving, she addressed a charming note of compliments and congratulations to Mlle. Croizette, who must feel flattered at the involuntary homage rendered to her talents by so gifted and celebrated an artiste.

Will the "Sphinx" ever take passage for New York? I think it will, yet much alteration and modification would be necessary in order to fit the incidents for the requirements of the American stage. And where could we find two actresses capable of replacing Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette? Clara Morris might fill out the requirements of the rôle of *Blanche de Chelles*, but where can the fellow-artistes be found who could give life to the pure, sweet, tender, and pathetic figure of *Berthe*? But if it ever does cross the water, may it meet with an intelligent translator and conscientious interpreter, for it is worthy of careful study both in the translation and the production!

LUCY H. HOOPER.

TRANSFORMATION.

THIS pretty tale they tell at Fontenay: How once St. Christopher, of blessed fame, Passed near a town whence many children came, Bringing rare flowers to strew upon his way. Among them was a little maid so poor, She brought no offering, save a simple store Of cowslips, gathered for her evening meal; But these she proffered with such gentle zeal, The while her face its hungry pallor wore, That the saint, stooping, blessed her. Giving back The blossoms to her hand, he said: "No lack Of food, my child, shall vex thee any more. Upon these yellow disks a spell is laid, Go, boil them as thy wont is, unafraid." This did the child; but soon, within the pan, A tiny tinkling, as of coins, began; And lo! poured out upon the burdened tray, For each poor weed a golden ducat lay!

HELEN BARBON BOSTWICK.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

ALMS-GIVING.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

IN a late number of the *Musée Universel*, M. Arthur Mangin discourses as follows on the subject of charity:

When the Marquis of A—, who was celebrated for his opulence, avarice, and wit, was reproached for never giving any thing to the poor, he replied:

"*En quoi!* I obey the great evangelic precept, 'Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you.'

The nobleman's reply was not so censur-

able as it seems at the first glance. Will you, who are so generously charitable, the first time you meet a beggar, ask yourself this simple question: "If a chain of untoward circumstances should, some day, reduce me to the condition of this poor devil, should I do as he does? Would I degrade myself so far as to beg, in whispering humility, the passers-by for a few sous?" Your reply would be: "No! a thousand times no! sooner death than such degradation!" And you, madam, could you bring yourself to beg in the public streets, even for the nearest and dearest to you? No, surely not! Like the late Marquis of A—, therefore, you would not have others give you alms, and yet you give alms to others. You concede that the man who begs degrades himself, and yet you encourage him to do so.

If you go to the Bois de Boulogne via the Maillet Gate, you will see, at the skirt of a little clump of trees as you enter the wood, an old, blind beggar. He is there from morning till evening, immovable, always at the same place. Before him he has his faithful dog, a poodle, that holds in his mouth a wooden bowl. Who can fail to see how much more dignified the mien of the poodle is than that of the man? The one sits, with his head raised, and looks at the passers-by with an air of calm resignation. The other is on his knees, bareheaded beneath the scorching sun. He is as desirous, it would seem, to inspire contempt as pity. He expects that people seeing him in this posture will say:

"This man must be very unfortunate to subject himself to such torture and humiliation."

This man is blind—at least I am willing to believe he is—which is, perhaps, an extenuating circumstance. In my judgment, however, precisely on account of his infirmity, which is a sufficient recommendation to those who are not insensible to the misfortunes of others, he would lose nothing by evincing, *vis-à-vis* of those even of whom he solicits alms, some remnant of manly pride and dignity. But how many others have not the excuse of an infirmity, which renders it impossible for them to work, and have recourse to all manner of lies and tricks in order to prey upon public commiseration! Many simulate, or inflict upon themselves, infirmities which Heaven has denied them. The professional beggar, who is blessed with an infirmity, would be slow to part with it: he is far from being of opinion that health is the greatest of blessings. Health! ha! with health there would be no honest excuse for not working; then it would be necessary to do something, if it were only to grind an organ! While a good infirmity, that can be exhibited, and to which attention can be called with—"See, madam, or see, sir, how I am afflicted!" is a capital—a little fortune, which has, 'tis true, the disadvantage of not being transferable, but which, on the other hand, there is no danger of losing. It is necessary that the infirmity should be incurable, otherwise some meddlesome disciple of Esculapius may take it into his head to cure it, as in the case of a certain blind beggar of whom I heard recently.

The man was endowed with a *cécité magnifique*—a blindness, in fact, that obtained for him, without difficulty, an excellent "place" on one or the other of the bridges—Pont-Neuf or Pont des Arts, I do not remember which. There are lucky people in the world, and our *aveugle* was one of them. A distinguished oculist, who frequently passed over his bridge, noticed him, examined him, and, finding his case a favorable one for an operation, offered to restore his vision—without charge, of course. The man imprudently consented to submit to treatment; the result was, that within a month he saw as well as

anybody. But, as he should have had the wit to foresee, the restoration of his sight was his ruin. The police authorities took his place from him and gave it to another *aveugle*, who had long been inscribed on the *Registre de l'Assistance*, and who was not such a fool as to submit to treatment. As for our aforescore blind man, he could find nothing better to do than to begin an action against the oculist who had restored his vision, demanding damages, in a considerable sum, for having deprived him of his means of support. It is hardly necessary to state that the suit only resulted in his being condemned to pay the costs.

There is another class of beggars quite as numerous as those who have recourse to the infirmity-dodge, and not less worthy of notice—those women who simulate maternity. When you see, crouched in a corner, a woman in rags with a child in her arms also in rags, who, by her tearless whines, seeks to excite your sympathies, examine the package she presses to her bosom so tenderly: it is quite possible that you will find it contains a "dummy." And if it contains a veritable, little, unfortunate bunch of flesh, blood, and bones, the chances are that it has been borrowed. The hiring out of children from one to four or five years of age to beggars is one of the vocations of contemporaneous villainy that is carried on on a much larger scale than would generally be believed; and the hideous *exploitation* of infancy in many cases surpasses in infamy and odiousness every thing that any one but a fiend could imagine. Women have been known to make large sores on these children, in order that the cries of the little victims may attract the attention of people and excite their pity.

In order to become well instructed in the dodges and tricks of professional beggars of Paris, it is only necessary to read the chapters Maxime du Camp has devoted to this sad theme, in his comprehensive work entitled "Paris, ses Organes, ses Fonctions, et sa Vie." Du Camp has nothing to say about private charity, but occupies himself wholly with public charity, or, to employ the official term, public assistance, as it is exercised in Paris. The Paris Administration of Public Assistance is a great institution—a carefully and admirably regulated machine. It does not dispense less than five million dollars yearly to supply the wants of the needy, and yet this sum is not sufficient. It is largely increased by private charity. Du Camp calculates that Parisian indigence absorbs more than eight million dollars annually, "which sum," he says, "increases, perhaps, rather than diminishes it." He could have been more positive, and suppressed the "perhaps."

It is only too true that charity does little else than foster the plague—the evil (*plaisir*) of pauperism. The popular saying that "poverty is not a sin" is true, certainly, if that poverty is meant which has not lost all pride and self-respect, shuns observation, and is rarely reached by charity; but that pauperism which groans and whines, is now obsequious and cowardly, and now insolent and cynical; that poverty is almost always a sin, because it is the direct consequence of vice. Examine into the causes of the misery found in the dregs of society, and you will almost invariably discover, and that, too, without much trouble, that it is due to laziness, drunkenness, or some other vice. And these vices, in nine cases out of ten, are only encouraged and subsidized by undiscerning charity. At all events, it tends to weaken the two great incitements to human action, the surest guarantees of morality, public and private—the sense of responsibility and of dignity. Alms degrade him who receives them, still more him who solicits them. And do alms really do honor to him who gives?

Sometimes, but not always. How many people are prompted to give from some ignoble motive—to conciliate public opinion!

But what is alms-giving? "It is ordinarily," says M. Jules Simon, "giving momentary relief, which makes the deprivations of the morrow all the harder to bear. It is often only fostering laziness and vice, by furnishing the indigent with the means to subsist without work. The piece of money you put into the hand of a mendicant represents for you a privation, and perhaps to him who receives it a temptation to do evil, or to do nothing at all, which is almost as bad. I have often visited the abodes of poverty, and there I have seen no lack of charity, yet but little of it was really efficacious. As there are medicines that prolong a disease by retarding its ravages, so there is a charity that simply prolongs misery. For my part, I should prefer to suffer; for, if suffering destroys, it also strengthens. On the other hand, money that is not earned, to which one has no real right, that comes without exertion, like money drawn in a lottery, paralyzes the energies and destroys virility. Where is the manhood in begging, crouching, waiting? Manhood works, contends, depends upon itself, discharges its duties, and suffers without complaint."

AUTHORSHIP IN FRANCE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

ALTHOUGH he was always an agreeable comrade, Théophile Gautier was not always very encouraging or very consoling.

Louis de Cormenin, who knew him well, and was a frequent witness of the unconsciousness with which he would find in his own despair the means of exciting the despair of others, called him the *mangeur de cervelles* (literally, the devourer of brains). When I wrote "Fanny," I went to him with the manuscript and begged him to read it. Before publishing the book, I was very desirous to have the opinion of the man whom I regarded as a master-critic, and as one of my very best friends. When I returned, after two or three days, I found him reading the last pages.

"You are a man," said he, reaching me his hand. "You are now fully embarked in literature proper—that which everybody reads—and your success will be as great as you desire, on one condition: that you listen neither to the good nor the bad that is said of you. You want my opinion of your book. It is this: in my judgment it is excellent. I admire above all that the story turns on a situation that never changes. No one of us old stagers would have had the courage to venture this *tour de force*, to which your success will be due. I am exceedingly pleased with you. But if you think that, by giving up your business 'on Change' and turning your attention to novel-writing, you can make your life more agreeable, you put your finger in your eye up to your elbow. In the first place, it will be mathematically impossible for you to live by writing, unless you publish your novels in the journals, and you can form no idea of the peculiar humiliations and annoyances that this mode of publication subjects you to. I think I have more than once told you of the unpleasant things connected with my dramatic *feuilletons*. These annoyances are nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with those that await you. Every word that you write will be examined with a magnifying-glass by people the most maliciously inclined. You will not know them, you will never know how to take them, will have no means of studying their tastes or becoming acquainted with their ideas, and nevertheless you will be compelled to obtain their indorsements, as without them you will never reach the printer."

"When Balzac published in the *Presse* his romance, '*Les Payans*,' which is a masterpiece, the proprietors of the paper received over seven hundred letters from subscribers who threatened to discontinue their subscriptions. They were guilty of committing the unpardonable error of yielding to these menaces and discontinuing the publication of the novel, which was doing Balzac a great wrong. You see from that how difficult—thanks to hypocrisy and squeamishness—it is to follow art, and to find in the occupation the means to live. We are no longer allowed to say in a *roman-feuilleton* that a woman has a lover or that man has a mistress. We must interest our readers by the aid of means which are outside the province of art, for if, in the *art littéraire*, there is no antagonism of the good and the bad, of prudence and passion, there can be no action, and necessarily no interest. One is, therefore, obliged to make either books that are stupid or books that shock."

"But that is not all. The literary profession, even when every pains is taken to avoid politics, fastidious as it is, has less of the disagreeable than of the dangerous. The laws regulating the press, despite the changes of government and the revolutions, always remain essentially the same. They make the author entirely dependent on two tradesmen, the printer and publisher. In order, therefore, to emancipate thought from the tutelage in which it has so long been, it is necessary, as I think I have often told you before, to make the author alone responsible for his work—to cite him alone before the tribunals of justice, if he, through the press, transgresses the law. Then the author would no longer be compelled to submit to the dictation of printer or publisher. He would be emancipated from the tyranny of industrialism, being alone the responsible party."

"Alphonse Karr said, in speaking of revolutions, 'The more we change, the more it is the same thing.' So far as literature is concerned, he might have said, 'The more we change, the worse we become.' Formerly there was an institution with which a great deal of fault was found, and which was nevertheless the veritable safeguard of literary art and of the dignity of men of letters: I mean the censorship. When an author had written a book, he was obliged to submit it in manuscript to the censor. The moment he had this official's indorsement, he had nothing to fear, neither prosecution nor annoyances of any kind whatever."

"But this censor?" I interrupted.

"Well, what of him? Did you ever hear of his suppressing a great work? Did he not license all the master-works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? What have you to reproach the institution with?"

"I—nothing."

"Would you prefer the censorship of your publisher?"

"No, a thousand times no!"

"So you see," continued Gautier, "in the profession you have entered you will hardly be able to make a living, and will enjoy no liberties, not even that of expressing your thoughts untrammeled; you will have to work like a galley-slave, and will be very generally abused and calumniated."

"You are not very encouraging, my dear Théo," said I.

"I should do you a wrong to represent your prospects differently. You will achieve a great success with 'Fanny'; but you must not expect the people to drag you in a triumphal car through the streets. That is no longer the custom. It is to be regretted, perhaps, but it is nevertheless true. The Americans, a barbarous people, still amuse themselves in this manner, 'tis true, but they reserve such honors exclusively for dancers and singers. You must make up your mind

to be treated like a vagabond dog every time you publish a new book, to be preyed upon all your life, and to always lead a miserable existence."

"Has this been your experience?" I asked.

"Oh, as for me," he replied, smiling, "I have no reason to complain. I have had the extraordinary good fortune to find a publisher, who is at once intelligent and my friend, in Charpentier. You are by no means sure of being equally lucky. Like so many others, you may be the prey of industrialism. You feel capable of writing master-works: industrialism will prevent you. Industrialism has its peculiar ideas in art, in politics, in religion, in history, in morals. There are a thousand ways of shocking it. You will shock it, and it will be avenged."

"But," said I, "this is a terribly sombre picture you show me. Are there not some offsets to this catalogue of atrocities?"

"Yes," said he, "there is one, just one."

"And that is—"

"The consciousness that in producing a literary work you produce the thing *supérieure par excellence*. 'My art first,' said Horace."

Then after a pause, he continued:

"Flaubert has more cleverness than we; as a consequence he will be happier."

"Why?"

"In the first place, he had the good sense to come into the world with a small patrimony, an imperative necessity to him who would be an artist. And then he has been wise enough not to encumber himself with a wife or children."—*Souvenirs Intimes de Théophile Gautier*, par Ernest Freydeau.

GAUTIER.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE late Ernest Freydeau, in his preface to a volume that has just been published in Paris, entitled "Personal Recollections of Théophile Gautier," says: "According to my habit, I shall speak only of those things which I have seen, of which I myself was a witness, which were said to me. Herein I shall be aided, not only by a memory that has never betrayed me, but also by notes that I have made nearly daily since I arrived at manhood. I flatter myself that all who knew Gautier intimately will recognize in these pages his thoughts and sentiments, though I cannot hope to express them in his original and picturesque style. And I will take occasion to say here that this model man of letters, this inimitable artist, this great poet, was one of those who, by their contemporaries, have been least known, or most misunderstood." After making this bow to the public, Freydeau, in one of the earlier chapters of his book, says:

"The reputation of Théophile Gautier dates from the publication of 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' which was in 1836. What he did previous to that date did not reach the masses. The artists of his neighborhood, who all knew him, at least by sight, knew that he was born at Tarbes, had studied painting in the studio of Rioult, and then, abandoning the pencil for the pen—which he regretted to the day of his death—had allowed himself to be drawn into the *tourbillon-romantique*" (literary and art revolution), "provoked by Victor Hugo, of whom he was the most devoted and most fervent apostle. The poems of the young master had been read more or less in the studios, his tendencies discussed, his style, which was peculiarly his own, admired; but the mass of the public, who saw in Victor Hugo only a tedious, bombastic poet, refused to read Musset, went into ecstasies over Scribe, and were delighted with the pieces of Casimir Delavigne, were ignorant even of the name of the author of 'Jeune France.'

"*Mademoiselle de Maupin*" rendered the name of Théophile Gautier immediately popular, at the same time that it made him cordially despised by that inept and peculiar class who have a mania for seeking in books exactly the contrary of that which the authors want them to find.

"I remember how frequently this book, years after it was published, was the subject of heated discussions at the studio of Garvini, where such men as Balsac, Gautier, Monnier, Rogaelin, Forges, Mory, Alphonse Kar, and others not less learned or clever, were wont to meet, and where I was admitted in consideration of my being a near neighbor, and was known as the *moutard*, being the youngest of the lot.

"One day when I was there, together with Gautier and Balsac, Garvini leaned up against the mantel, smoking his cigarette, and called out to me :

"Come here, Moutard."

"When I approached him he laid his hand on my shoulder, with a gesture that seemed to be borrowed of Frédéric Lemaitre—Garvini always affected the theatrical—and began to declaim the following verses :

"Viens, nous verrons danser les jeunes bayadères,
Le soir, lorsque les dromadaires,
Près des puits déserts s'arrêtent fatigues."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Lines from "*Les Orientals*."

"*Les Orientals*," what are they?

"My ignorance was excusable—I was hardly seventeen."

"*The chef-d'œuvre* of Victor Hugo," replied Balzac.

"And who is Victor Hugo?"

"A poet, a very great poet, the greatest of all the poets!" said Théophile Gautier.

"My men must have been about as intelligent as that of a carp listening to the singing of a nightingale. I did not ask what a poet was, but it seems that every thing in my appearance—look, gesture, attitude—did."

"Garvini was about to reply, but Gautier interrupted him—

"A poet, monsieur," said he, with an imitable chaffing mien, "is a sort of noxious beast that walks on all fours, straightens up in the air on its chin, has the tail of a dragon, breathes fire from its nostrils, hisses like a serpent, and projects from between its teeth a forked dart. From time to time, when the weather is dry, for example, this horrid beast assumes the form of man. It dresses in scarlet, wears a wig à la Louis XIV, shoes à la poulaine, carries a shining Toledo poniard in its belt, and leads an existence as low, corrupt, and filthy, as it would be possible to imagine."

"This existence is made up solely of orgies, where Syracuse wine flows in torrents into golden bowls, where the women are more *décolleté*, above and below, than at the Royal Academy of Music, where the sport is essentially diabolic, as you can see in the opera of "*Robert le Diable*." When they have ended their orgies, the poets return to their homes, not to work—it is quite certain that they never work, and that their verses invariably make themselves without their knowledge—but they receive the publishers, who approach them on their knees and offer them, on silver platters, heaps of shining gold. You know now, monsieur, what a poet is. Be so good as to inform your friends and acquaintances, if, perchance, you have any."

"Twenty years afterward, when Gautier and I were intimate friends, I one day advanced to this bitter Sally.

"My friend," said he, with a melancholy smile, "I hope you bear me no grudge for the seemingly unkind things I said to you in those days. My object was to give you an idea of the civilities I was receiving almost daily from the journals, and not, as you may have supposed, to give you a "setting down."

Yes, while I was working like a Cyclops, as I always have done in fact since I have known how to use a pen, I was treated on every hand as a reveler and idler—my critics, indeed, generally endowed me with all the vices, great and small. Idler! and I am literally dying of overwork!"

IN TANGIER.

TANGIER lies on the western side of its bay, and on a slope. Its snow-white battlemented walls surround the town completely: they grin at you along the water's edge, mount the hill, and run along its summit—encircling in their inclosure the steep, narrow lanes, the almost windowless houses, the mosques and minarets, and palm-trees—all those features of an Eastern city. There they lie on the hill-side for your contemplation; with green, undulating land before you, and "Afric's golden sands" rolling down to kiss the sea at your feet.

Up through the gullies, and away far inland amid, broken rising ground, you can see those yellow tracts—dotted here and there with lines of black specks—trains of camels or of asses heavily laden, going with merchandise into the interior.

It stands before you like a picture, and you feel inclined to gaze and moralize; but you are roused from a coming reverie by finding the steamer has stopped a long way from shore—for the harbor is shallow and rocky, and there is no pier: boats surround the vessel, and a shrieking crowd of bare-legged, bare-breasted Moors, and ebon-faced sons of Ethiopia, are seizing your luggage and you, and getting you transferred to boats. This is accomplished, and the lusty crew pull away through the heavy surf, toward a point on the beach where there is a small crowd congregated.

But ere we reach it we are again surrounded. This time it is half-naked, screaming creatures brandishing chairs, and vociferating wildly, who take possession of one. Almost before you are aware, you are hoisted up in the air between two of these noisy beings, and are being carried through the waves. They set me down very gently—I must say that for them; and then half bewildered, I returned the gaze of curiosity of the crowd gathered around.

What piercing black eyes looked out from the men's flannel cowls! What soft ones from the shadow of the women's veils! A huge negro, black as Erebus, but smiling as the light, recognized Mr. —, who introduced us to his sable friend, as to an official who could do us service; and after a hand-shaking, this dark gentleman in the big turban and cream-colored robes passed us pleasantly through the custom-house ordeal, and we proceeded, with an escort of rabble, to Martin's hotel. On the way, our *cortège* was swelled by a tribe of Jew lads, who probably, as it was their Sabbath, were enjoying a holiday. Their intense gratification knew no bounds at the advent of strangers. Freely passing their remarks upon us, which, perhaps luckily, we did not understand, they clapped their hands, grinned, shouted frantically, flourished sticks, and executed various *pas* in our pathway, which it is to be supposed expressed the exuberance of their pleasure. At any rate, the young monkeys proved that the genus *gaminis* is not confined to Europe. Their elders meanwhile, in their clean white linen, dark tunics, and skull-caps, looked on with that quiet air which they all have.

The Jews of Barbary appear a small race of men—short, slight, weakly—in fact, degenerate; and they form a striking contrast to the Moor, who, in fine *physique* and manly bearing, is a model.

It is said that the reason why a sickly or misshapen Moor is rarely if ever seen, is, that the rough training to which they are subjected in childhood while hardening the constitutions that are naturally robust, is fatal to the delicate ones. Hence, through truly Spartan management, strength and health are the rule among them. The middle-aged men sometimes become "pudding-faced," and look animal; but generally, as age advances, the features elongate, the dignified reserve of expression increases—though the keen eye still preserves its fire—and a magnificent head is the result. You may fancy the patriarchs of old to have stepped from their graves as you encounter their noble forms and faces—simple yet grand; such as are seen nowadays only in ideal representations of those primitive fathers.

As for the women, those whose faces I contrived to see, were soft-looking and placid rather than pretty, and though possessed of fine eyes, the latter failed to charm one, from their utter want of expression.

Some of the children are attractive. Baby girls have to keep their chubby cheeks veiled (what a bore it must be to them!) and little boys strut about in the long *jelebeyah*, and look singularly comic when the hood is over the head and the point of it sticking up in the air.

The Jewish women carry off the palm of beauty; and those people who are only familiar with the type which they see in Northern Europe, can form no idea of the very different style of loveliness which is the portion of these daughters of Israel in Morocco—for one is as unlike the other as possible.

As we struggle up through the stony narrow lanes we have to "look alive" lest we should be knocked down by the numerous donkeys we meet, with their great panniers projecting so far on either side as almost to fill up the passage, and we also encounter a large party of sportsmen just returning from an unsuccessful boar-hunting expedition. They are furnished with long spears, and look rather warlike thus accoutred for the chase. Sometimes the sport is very exciting, and the officers from Gibraltar often cross over to Barbary to enjoy this amusement, as well as the shooting which the neighborhood affords.—"Word-Sketches in the Sweet South," by Mrs. M. C. Jackson (London).

FAMOUS AUTHORS THAT ARE NOT READ.

It is far from my intention to question the absolute merits of the principal works of the men whose names are canonized in modern literature. Those merits, I unreservedly admit, are beyond question. But what I am anxious to know is, admitting, as we all do, that they are transcendently superior to the works of modern writers, how is it they are not read? Would any one having a reputation to preserve venture to rise in critical company and declare his preference for Thackeray over Fielding? I know I would not, although Richardson, with Dr. Johnson's approval, sneered at Fielding, and said, "if he had not known who the writer of 'Tom Jones' was, he would have thought it was an ostler." Yet, writing here anonymously, I do not mind confessing that though I have, as in duty bound, read "Tom Jones" once, I have read "Vanity Fair" half a dozen times. It is an added perplexity for the honest inquirer to discover that, of the writers whom he knows he ought to revere, if not to read, some are spoken of with disrespect in very high quarters. If we believe Plato, Homer was not such a great writer after all, and of Plato himself Mr. Lewes remarks that "he is a tedious and difficult writer, often quoted at second hand, but very rarely read. Men

of culture usually attack a dialogue or two out of curiosity; but their curiosity seldom inspires them to further progress." Sophocles was seriously regarded as lunatic by his own children, who ought to have known something about him. Aristophanes mercilessly chaffed Socrates, while Athenaeus attempts to prove that the great teacher was himself illiterate. Virgil was declared by Pliny to have stolen such slight beauties as his poems may display. Quintilian says Seneca was no great shakes; Cicero and Plutarch are both down on Aristotle; Demosthenes is pooh-poohed by Hermippus; and of Cicero it has been written that he is "cold in his extemporaneous effusions, artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his strained raillery, and tiresome in his digressions."

Coming down to the gods of our own household, does it not make the hair stand on end to find Tom Moore declaring that he found Chaucer "unreadable?" Lord Lansdowne said he was secretly of the same opinion, but did not dare to speak of it. "A. K. H. B." writes, "I would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton." "What will you say," writes Lord Chesterfield, "when I tell you that I cannot possibly read our countryman Milton through? Keep the secret for me, for, if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant, and every solid divine in Europe." Charles Lamb says, "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him," which, not to put too fine a point on it, is an inconvenient requirement in a favorite author. Even Shakespeare has not been spared. Ben Jonson, "rare Ben Jonson"—rarest of all in the matter of readers—began it with the repartee to Shakespeare's admirer, who boasted that the great bard had never blotted out a single line he wrote. "Would that he had blotted a thousand!" said Ben; and Mr. Samuel Rogers (whom everybody knows as the author of that charming, but never read, poem, "The Pleasures of Memory") was very fond of repeating the joke, believing that Shakespeare was a greatly overrated man. "Well, after all, Tom," said Byron to Moore, one day, "don't you think Shakespeare was something of a humbug?" I have quoted Voltaire's scathing remark about Dante. "Can you read Voltaire's 'Henriade'?" asked Mr. Senior of De Tocqueville. "No, nor can any one else," was the prompt reply. Once at Abbotsford it was remarked, in Sir Walter Scott's presence, that the speaker had never known any one who had read the "Henriade" through. "I have read it and live," replied Sir Walter, "but indeed in my youth I read every thing." Mrs. Browning humbly confesses that she could never read to the end of Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination." Emerson was equally lacking in appreciation of this highly-respected man, and so was Dr. Johnson. "Sir, I could not read it through," he says, when Boswell refers to "the distinguished poem." "I see they have published a splendid edition of Akenside's works," he proceeds. "One bad ome may be suffered, but the number of them together makes one sick." Dr. Johnson had, indeed, a painfully reckless way of tweaking the noses on the monumental figures in our literary Walhalla, and I reflect with sorrow on the fact that "London: a poem," "Rasselas," and the *Rambler*, are to-day so little read, though, I dare say, we all have them in our libraries. Of the author of the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the doctor says, briefly, but forcibly, "We have had enough of Gray." Of Churchill he remarked, "I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I call him a blockhead still." Of Fielding, he also observed that he was a "blockhead," and upon Bozzy's venturing to express "astonishment at so strange an assertion," he was good enough to ex-

plain: "What I mean by his being a blockhead is, that he is a barren rascal."—*All the Year Round*.

THE SECOND-HAND BOOK-SHOP.

THERE is a certain second-hand book-shop on the opposite side of the Boulevard des Italiens which draws me by a wholly irresistible attraction. Had I started on that side, I should have gone no farther. I should have looked, lingered, purchased, and gone home to read. But I know my weakness. I have reserved the book-shop for my return-journey, and now, rewarded and triumphant, compose myself for a quiet study of its treasures.

And what a book-shop it is! Not only are its windows filled—not only are its walls a very perspective of learning—but square pillars of volumes are built up on either side of the door, and an immense supplementary library is erected in the open air, down all the length of a dead-wall adjoining the house.

Here, then, I pause, turning over the leaves of one volume, reading the title of another, studying the personal appearance of a third, and weighing the merits of their authors against the contents of my purse. And when I say "personal appearance," I say it advisedly; for book-hunters are skilled Lavaterians in their way, and books, like men, attract or repel at first sight. Thus it happens that I love a portly book, in a sober coat of calf; but hate a thin, smart volume, in a gaudy binding. The one promises to be philosophic, learnedly witty, or solidly instructive; the other is tolerably certain to be pert and shallow, and reminds me of a coxcombial lackey in bullion and red plush. On the same principle, I respect leaves soiled and dog's-eared, but mistrust gilt edges; love an old volume better than a new; prefer a spacious book-stall to all the unpurchased stores of Paternoster Row; and buy every book that I possess at second-hand. Nay, that it is second-hand is, in itself, a passport to my favor. Somebody has read it before; therefore it is readable. Somebody has derived pleasure from it before; therefore I open it with a student's sympathy, and am disposed to be indulgent ere I have perused a single line. There are cases, however, in which I incline to luxury of binding. Just as I had rather have my historians in old calf, and my chroniclers in black-letter, so do I delight to see my modern poets, the Benjamins of my affections, clothed in coats of many colors. For them no moroccos are too rich, and no "toolings" too elaborate. I love to see them smiling on me from the shelves of my bookcases, as glowing and varied as the sunset through a painted oriell.

Standing here, then, to-day, dipping first into this work and then into that, I light upon a very curious and interesting edition of Froissart—an edition full of quaint engravings, and printed in the obsolete spelling of two hundred years ago. The book is both a treasure and a bargain, being marked up at five-and-twenty francs. Only those who haunt book-stalls and luxuriate in old editions can appreciate the satisfaction with which I survey

"That weight of wood, with leather coat o'er laid,
Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
The close-pressed leaves unclosed for many an
age,

The dull-red edging of the well-filled page,
And the broad back, with stubborn ridges rolled,
Where yet the title stands in tarnished gold!"

They only can sympathize in the eagerness with which I snatch up the precious volume, the haste with which I count out the five-and-twenty francs, the delight with which I see the dealer's hand close on the sum, and know that the book is legally and indisputably mine! Then how lovingly I embrace it under my arm, and, taking advantage of my position

as a purchaser, stroll leisurely round the inner warehouse, still courting that literary world which (in a library at least) always turns its back upon its worshiper!—"In the Days of my Youth," by Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It is proposed, just now, to assimilate the education of girls more and more to that of boys. If that means that girls are merely to learn more lessons, and to study what their brothers are taught, in addition to what their mothers were taught, then it is to be hoped, at least by physiologists and patriots, that the scheme will sink into that limbo whither, in a free and tolerably-rational country, all imperfect and ill-considered schemes are sure to gravitate. But if the proposal be a *bona fide* one—then it must be borne in mind that in the public schools of England, and in all private schools, I presume, which take their tone from them, cricket and foot-ball are more or less compulsory, being considered integral parts of an Englishman's education; and that they are likely to remain so, in spite of all reclamations: because masters and boys alike know that games do not, in the long-run, interfere with a boy's work; that the same boy will very often excel in both; that the games keep him in health for his work; that the spirit with which he takes to his games when in the lower school, is a fair test of the spirit with which he will take to his work when he rises into the higher school; and that nothing is worse for a boy than to fall into that loafing, tuck-shop-haunting set, who neither play hard nor work hard, and are usually extravagant, and often vicious. Moreover, they know well that games conduce, not merely to physical, but to moral health; that in the playing-field boys acquire virtues which no books can give them; not merely daring and endurance, but, better still, temper, self-restraint, fairness, honor, unenvious approbation of another's success, and all that "give and take" of life which stand a man in such good stead when he goes forth into the world, and without which, indeed, his success is always maimed and partial.

Now: if the promoters of higher education for women will compel girls to any training analogous to our public-school games; if, for instance, they will insist on that most natural and wholesome of all exercises, dancing, in order to develop the lower half of the body; on singing, to expand the lungs and regulate the breath; and on some game—ball or what not—which will insure that raised chest, and upright carriage, and general strength of the upper torso, without which full oxygenation of the blood, and therefore general health, is impossible; if they will sternly forbid tight stays, high heels, and all which interferes with free growth and free motion; if they will consider carefully all which has been written on the "half-time system" by Mr. Chadwick and others; and accept the certain physical law that, in order to renovate the brain day by day, the growing creature must have plenty of fresh air and play, and that the child who learns for four hours and plays for four hours, will learn more, and learn it more easily, than the child who learns for the whole eight hours; if, in short, they will teach girls not merely to understand the Greek tongue, but to copy somewhat of the Greek physical training, of that "music and gymnastic" which helped to make the cleverest race of the Old World the ablest race likewise: then they will earn the gratitude of the patriot and the physiologist, by doing their best to stay the downward tendencies of the *physique*, and therefore ultimately of the *morale*, in the coming generation of Englishwomen.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME of the recent French dramas, and the criticisms that have been printed about them, lead one to inquire if the persistence with which certain topics are treated by our Gallic brethren of the pen arises directly from a low tone of morals, or from other causes.

We certainly believe that literature would be far more sweet and wholesome if the darker passions of our kind were altogether eliminated from it. Those productions are the best, in a moral sense, which lead us away from the heated atmosphere of the emotions; that either fill us with high ideas and lofty principles, or cheer us by gay and enlivening pictures of life.

But the authors of imaginative literature claim that their art has the right to embrace the whole field of human thought, feeling, and experience. No literature is a great literature, they assert, that does not sound the depths of woe and reach the heights of ecstasy; that does not reflect the sufferings and express the aspirations of the heart; that does not embody all that men and women feel and enjoy, endure and hope for, in real life.

The rigid moralist, however, would exclude from this broad function those things that serve to inflame the imagination. The young specially, he says, are eager readers of romance, and it is incumbent upon writers not to treat of those subjects which the innocent should be kept in ignorance of. The whole range of passions and incidents growing out of improper or illicit love is unclean, and has no rightful place in literature. While the artist may deal with human passions, there are yet limits. All things cannot be said; all revelations should not be made; all vices must not be illustrated. There are necessary reserves. There is imperatively the forbidden.

The French writers are accustomed to say to the argument about youthful readers, that literature should not be brought down to the needs or the limitations of boys and girls. Books are written for men and women; let parents exercise a censorship over books for their children; but a robust literature should not be emasculated because there are some topics which must not be prematurely learned. And as for the forbidden, there are, indeed, limitations and reserves, but who knows the boundary so well as the artist? He excludes the gross and the barbaric, the crude and the repulsive; if he excludes human suffering in one of its keenest forms, he shuts his readers out from some of the most instructive pages of life.

This discussion is likely to remain unsettled. But while, according to our standard of taste and morals, it is improper to make certain relations between the sexes subjects for literary treatment, we do wrong in hastily

assuming that a literature which includes this feature, proves a degraded moral tone among its producers. Believing that the heart which yields to temptation and which struggles to recover its social place by reform and exemplary conduct, appeals to human sympathy with an intensity scarcely equalled by other situations, the French writers seem never wearied of illustrating this phase of life. Nor can ordinary crimes supply the conditions needed for the dramatist's wide and deep purpose. The offense must be one which society declares to be unpardonable. It must be one that has arrayed against it the traditions and instincts and prestiges of the world. There can be no great situation of this kind if the crime be of a venial character. The dramatist, from the necessities of contrast, seizes upon a woman who has sinned vilely, and then essays to show that profound and sustained repentance must win and does win the sympathy even of those who have proclaimed the moral degradation of the offence.

In the new play of "Alphonse," by Dumas, the husband who has married trustingly and loved devotedly, tells the confessing wife that society requires him to do one thing, but his conscience impels him to do another.

Every one sees that society is right; every one must see that the man is right too.

Society deals with generalizations. It proclaims the law on broad grounds. It asserts that certain offenses are not to be condoned. But society does not know the individual instance. It has not seen what temptations have betrayed a woman; how she has suffered; what expiations she has made; what elevation and purity remorse and sorrow have given her. It cannot look into her heart and see the good that has gradually driven out the bad that was there. The individual judge sees all this, and cannot reject those instincts that lead us to forgive because of our proneness to sin, and because of our confident hopes for the future.

But society is at once alarmed. To forgive is to condone. It is to say that a crime that ought to be irretrievable may be retrievable. It is to permit others to dread sin less because there is hope of forgiveness. It encourages immorality. It breaks down the guards and bulwarks of virtue. And of course in all this society is right. People can only be kept steadfastly in the right course by the sustained apprehension that a deviation from it will inevitably bring its terrible consequences. Virtue is fortified by the belief that sin cannot escape punishment here nor hereafter. And it is the conflict between the stern justice of society and the merciful sympathies of the individual, that gives to the condemned French drama their great hold upon the public mind. It is this conflict, with its vivid contrasts, its effective combinations of mingled impulses and feel-

ings, that takes such a deep hold upon the dramatic instincts of the French play-writers, and gives to their vivid invention characters and stories so eminently susceptible of intense human passion. It is a bold but not an immoral grasp of conditions that are veiled through and through with tragic possibilities. It is the distinct assertion that an art dealing with the human heart must not be excluded from a domain that includes affection, and passion, and remorse, and struggle, and woe, and hope, in their widest reach and deepest power.

We believe with the purists, that literature dealing with these intense emotions is not morally wholesome. We would for ourselves exclude from the world of art every thing that did not distinctly elevate by pure and good examples. We are inclined to believe that very much might be eliminated from the best English literature to very great advantage. But, while we hold this view, we are ready to study French productions from the French point of view, and even to deplore the influence of those productions, without concluding that they are written in a spirit of licentiousness, or assuming that their authors are necessarily moral outlaws. It is our duty to allow a wide margin to differences of the moral judgment and the aesthetic taste.

— An English tourist, who went to St. Petersburg to witness the wedding festivities of Prince Alfred and the Grand-duchess Marie, has returned to his penates with a harrowing tale of the outrageous cost of living at the Russian capital. Two rooms in an hotel, he complains, cost twelve dollars a day; breakfast, even though it be only a sybarite fare of tea and bread-and-butter, is charged at a dollar and a half; eggs are twelve cents apiece; and if the insensate traveler will rush into the arch-luxury of champagne, he must make up his mind to pay four dollars and a half a bottle. Nor is this the worst. Our British friend could not get a bottle of Guinness—Guinness which he gets anywhere in London for threepence a glass—under seventy-five cents; if he wished to indulge in the fragrant Havana as he paced the bleak quays of the Neva, it cost him forty cents; if he wished to read "The Parisians" *d la Tauchnitz*, he found himself mulcted in seventy-five cents; and, if an ambassador invited him to a reception, his expense for a pair of gloves only was two dollars. All this was a mere bagatelle to the multifarious extortions to which he was fain desperately to submit at every turn. The hackmen and porters, the couriers and boot-blacks, the theatres and restaurants, were engaged in a dire confederacy to send him penniless back to his native heath.

Which is the cheapest and which the dearest of civilized cities? The question is often asked; sometimes it is a mere matter of statistical curiosity; sometimes it has a

practical bearing on the questioner's movements. Were the tale of the British tourist taken by itself, there would be no difficulty in assigning to St. Petersburg the rank of the most expensive. There is only one city, certainly, where hotel fares reach the figure with which he startles us, and that is Vienna. But, after all, it is not certain that he tried, or took reasonable precaution, to ascertain how cheaply he could live in the czar's capital. He confesses that he did not know Russian; and people who go to a foreign country have to pay for the luxury of being ignorant of its language. Nor did he even seek to do in Russia as the Russians do. He insisted upon living in St. Petersburg as he was wont to do in London—he demanded what, while they were common in London, were exotic luxuries at St. Petersburg. Why did he not seek out moderate restaurants, and regale himself with cabbage-soup and meat-pies, caviare and *sassina*?

Foreign sojourning places are cheap or expensive according to the common-sense of the individual tourist. If an American insists, when he visits London or Paris, on having buckwheat-cakes and sweet-potatoes, or even brown bread and baked beans, he will find them exceedingly expensive; for what is commonplace at home becomes costly abroad. If he insists upon ignoring the language of his hosts, his hosts will good-humoredly take pecuniary revenge upon him. If he anxiously searches out "American" boarding-houses, hotels, and restaurants, he has, rightly enough, to pay for enjoying the advantages of two hemispheres at the same time.

Milton was in his time a notable traveler, and boasted that when he crossed seas he changed indeed the sky and scene, but not his individuality as man and Englishman. If this were indeed so, we may well imagine the poet to have been fleeced at every turn in the old seventeenth-century Italian *albergi*, mulcted in unconscionable fees as he dreamily wandered over Apennine and across Po and Tiber, and the victim of countless extortions among the primitive denizens of the Alps. However smooth the line and pretty the sentiment, it betrays the great bard as wanting in one, at least, of the qualities which go to form the accomplished tourist—adaptability to the customs of the countries sojourned in. It is astonishing how a mere smattering of the language is a capital where-on the traveler gains usurious interest in saying. The wise American who visits London or Paris will not hurry to the Langham and the Grand Hotel, and talk English all day in the drawing-rooms and courts. If he is wealthy, let him take a suite of lodgings in the Regent-Street quarter, or a cozy little apartment in the Rue Chaillot; if not, let him go into a neat but modest room in the Russell-Square district, or in the neighborhood of the Chaussee d'Antin. The advantages of this course are manifold. He sees

native life as it is; he learns more or less of habits, customs, and language; he lives moderately and far more conveniently; he is not bothered with the perpetual vexations of all large European hotels.

Even in more remote resorts, the same plan of living like a native is the better part of economy as well as of knowledge. A recent writer says that at Constantinople an Englishman or American is utterly helpless in most of the hotels. "But if he will take the trouble to learn a little Romaic, a little Italian, or a little Armenian, he may find plenty of furnished lodgings in Pera, and plenty of Greek and Italian dining-houses. If he can speak Turkish, there is no reason, in these days of toleration, why he should not take his pitcher, dish, and basket, and repair to the bazaar, buy his *cabobs* and *pillau* at the cook-shop; provide himself with fruit, bread, and sweetmeats, and oil for his lamps, and then go home and enjoy himself just as though he were a true believer."

Such a course may be adopted almost everywhere, but it is by no means necessary to go to the extent of peripatetic house-keeping. The most common-sense science of travelling indicates that to adapt one's self to localities is the wisest and least expensive method. A naturalist who should attempt to describe the fishes of a sea over which he had merely sailed would be hooted out of the council of his brethren.

— If the Church of England is doomed as a state establishment, it will probably be hastened by the indiscreet acts of some of its own partisans. An illustration of the spirit which animates some—it is to be hoped few—of its clergy has just occurred in the picturesque suburb of Richmond, on the Thames. A plot of ground had been set apart for the burial of the dead, with the understanding that it was to be used both by churchmen and dissenters; it was to be separated by a simple pathway, dividing the resting-places of the one from the other. The vicar of the parish, however, was not content with so mild a line of demarcation, and caused a wall to be built instead of the pathway, so that the schismatic dead might be definitely cut off from the orthodox. This naturally raised a storm; and, in the middle of the night, the wall was pulled down by parties unknown.

The Pharisaical act of the vicar has only served to arouse general public indignation, and has been a really serious blow to the prospects of the Church as a state establishment. It is straws like these which are likely to break the ecclesiastical camel's back. The occurrence has happened at a moment when the public mind is much occupied by discussions on the Church establishment, and when attention is being constantly called to its invidious character.

In the current number of the *Westminster* there is a strong article which draws up a

serious indictment against its abuses, and flatly calls upon the English to disperse the bond which unites State with Church. Among its most startling counts is that relating to the purchase of church livings. This is a scandal which, it would seem, the churchmen of these enlightened days should themselves be most anxious to see abolished.

"The scandalous spectacle," says the reviewer, "is daily and weekly presented of advertisements of livings for sale, specifying the age of the incumbent, the size of the house, the society, the hounds, and the fishing of the neighborhood, the slightness of the duty, and the non-existence of dissent."

At least a century and a half ago this abuse was as fully recognized as it is now. Bishop Kerr was shocked by it, and asked, "Is the Church grown so contemptible that it can be bought and sold for money? Is preferment a prize for the richest, not the worthiest?" It is exactly so at this day. Last year one-tenth of all the rectorships in the Church of England were in the market for sale to the highest bidder, were he Jew or Gentile. It is notorious that the right to "present" or appoint clergymen over parishes for life is actually possessed by Presbyterians and Methodists, by Roman Catholics and Jews; nay, we are not certain that some of the Indian nabobs, of Mohammedian or Parsee faith, have not this right. Sir George Jessell, the present Master of the Rolls, is a Jew; yet cases relating to ecclesiastical matters come before him judicially, as the Church, being established, is under the jurisdiction of secular tribunals.

Whether the Ritualists or Low Churchmen get control of the Church seems to depend upon which can collect the most funds. Not long ago the Ritualists bought the rectory of Liverpool, where the church-members are very Low Church, for ten thousand pounds; and no power—except disestablishment—can oust them from it. To maintain this and kindred abuses is to hasten the day of severance from the state—an event which, notwithstanding Tory reactions, is apparently drawing nearer every day.

Many of the wiser churchmen are fast coming to recognize for themselves that the Church would thrive more vigorously and do its work more completely if disengaged from the state. Such an example presents itself in the Episcopal Church of the United States, which, freed from the trammels entailed by a political connection, and acting as a voluntary organization, is as prosperous and as active in good works as any of our religious denominations. The state, in England, half paralyzes instead of stimulating the ecclesiastical system; and, as American Episcopacy abundantly shows, such a system thrives best when it places its position and future in the zeal of its members, rather than in the cold protection of politicians and the accumulated wealth of a past age.

Do our architects, our decorators, our builders of villas and country-houses, do any of these ever visit the theatre? We ask this question because in practical life buildings and interior arrangements have always an oppressive monotony, but in the mimic scenes of the stage there is continually exhibited a fresh and delightful invention. There is now in the new play of "Alphonse" at Daly's Theatre an interior that, for beauty and novelty of design, ought to be seen by everybody who intends building a country residence. We shall not attempt to describe it; we doubt if language, however skillfully employed, could give an idea of the picture; but we draw attention to it because it really seems as if a little care and thought might give us a far more varied and picturesque architecture for the exterior of our buildings, and a more agreeable disposition of the interior. But the difference between stage artists and others is, that, while the former are always searching for the novel and captivating, the practical builder is only eager to multiply as many copies of one model as time and money will enable him to accomplish. And architects are so rigidly fixed in one set of ideas, that those of each city never venture to borrow a felicitous notion from those of another. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, the West, each has its own narrow method, and pursues its circumscribed way, indifferent to the rest. Some very good notions might be borrowed by New York of Philadelphia, but New York prefers to adhere to its established forms; Philadelphia might learn a lesson elsewhere, but Philadelphia, like all its rivals, is wedded to its old copies. When any one wants to build a country cottage or pavilion, furnish his parlors, or achieve a fresh thing in the arrangement of his rooms, he may find it impossible to get a new idea from professional people, but the devices of the stage-artists would be quite likely to give him a fresh and happy suggestion.

The formation of cremation societies here and in Germany has resulted in one extraordinary circumstance. The believers in cremation have absolutely become such warm adherents to the proposed method of disposing of the body, are exhibiting such hot enthusiasm in the matter, that it would almost appear as if they were anxious to "make an end of it," in order that they might exemplify, in their own defunct organizations, the supreme advantages of the method. We hear of enthusiastic public meetings, of numerous societies organized, of numerous new devices for corpse-burning furnaces. It is one of the most extraordinary revolutions ever witnessed. For the first time in history people have felt a fascination in the subject of death, exhibited a ready willingness to experiment upon their friends, and contemplated their own speedy opportunity to burn with undisguised satisfaction. No more fiery zeal has ever been exhibited in any cause. The hot blood of the cremationists seems to forestall the hour when their flesh shall experience something of the heat their impatient spirits now exhibit. It is earnestly to be hoped that the pleasant anticipations these people seem to indulge

in will not weaken their dread of that later and interminable burning which they would fain rehearse upon their perishable parts.

Literary.

MR. GEORGE H. CALVERT, in his "Maid of Orleans; an Historical Tragedy" (New York: Putnam's Sons), has added another to the long list of American dramas which are never acted and seldom read, and which take no place in our national literature. That the play was never intended by the author to be acted is evident throughout—from the second scene of the first act, where a voice from the clouds addresses Joan "in good, set terms," to the final tableau at Rouen, where "above the smoke the Maid is seen to ascend, stretching out her hands in attitude of blessing: angels just over her." Since, then, we are relieved at the outset from considering it as a stage-piece, we may proceed at once to its literary features—merely remarking here that "reading dramas" are in their very nature a paradox and a contradiction, notwithstanding the fact that some very noble imaginative works have taken this form. In the construction of his plot, Mr. Calvert adheres very closely to the historical narrative. He does not shrink even from the public burning at the stake; an end so frightful and so unpoetic that Schiller felt compelled, in his famous tragedy, to right the wrongs of history, and to represent the Maid as triumphing over all her enemies. This plot is the strong point of Mr. Calvert's work. He has succeeded in grasping the really striking and decisive incidents of Joan's career, and in connecting them together in such a way as to render them intelligible and logical, and to make them accord with the impression which the reader has already derived from history. But in his conception of the Maid's character he seems to us to have gone altogether astray. As we gather from the history of that period, Joan was a woman of strong will and enthusiastic temperament, whose patriotic impulse, suggested no doubt by the whisperings and superstitions current among her people, was favored by all the circumstances of a time when France was overborne, not from any want of national spirit, but because of the imbecile incompetence of a debauched and craven king, and the absence of any leader among those from whom leaders were expected to come. She led a spontaneous national uprising like that which enabled the Revolution to beat back combined Europe; and her true glory lies in the fact that she concentrated this uprising upon a grand and definite purpose; and, amid all the temptations of her most trying position, maintained a character as pure, as unselfish, as heroic, as any of which history gives us a glimpse. Whether this conception be true or not, it certainly affords far better dramatic opportunities than the one adopted by Mr. Calvert. He represents Joan as not merely believing herself to be inspired, but as actually in communion with supernatural powers, and in all she does simply performing their commands. She is a mere instrument in the hands of Fate; and she wrests opportunities from the king and bishops, not by force of character backed up by the pressure of circumstances, but by whispering into their ears the hidden secrets of their own hearts, and letting others hear the "voices" which guided her from above. Surely no method could have been devised, which, for modern readers, would more effectually subtract the dramatic

element from a naturally striking and dramatic story. The reader finds himself contemplating the Maid rather as a clairvoyant than as a character whose personality dominates events, and the springs of whose actions he is to try to understand; he is debarred even from feeling the indignation which the author intends that the tragedy should arouse; for, if supernatural inspiration be once admitted, it is impossible to limit it to one participant in the drama, and they whom we should regard as persons become puppets. The incongruity is deepened by the way in which the author has converted one whom we know, and whom he introduces as a simple peasant-girl of Domremy into metaphysician, who meditates as subtly and talks as glibly about "principles," and "self-impulsion," and "human instruments," and the mystery of life, as Hamlet himself. This is the kind of part she bears in the general dialogue:

"Of God's true purposes (in fostering which
He useth angels, who in turn use us)
Only by inward watch upon ourselves,
And honest outward look, can we learn aught,
Becoming quicker, better learners we,
The deeper is our childlike innocence;
For, as with light He permeates the air,
So does He infuse with finer beam
The souls of men clean passive to his will."

That is George Eliot speaking, and not Joan of Arc; but our surprise is lessened (or rendered greater) when we find every bishop, courtier, soldier, and citizen, equally skillful at phrases. Even rough La Hire, captain of brigands, talks of agencies and influences like a Scotch professor. It can hardly be said that, in literary art, Mr. Calvert rises to the heights of tragedy. There are good verses here and there, and thoughts which are suggestive when regarded as the author's, apart from the characters into whose mouths he puts them; but, as a whole, his work is deficient and faulty alike in character-study, in dramatic action, and in graces of style. The volume is beautifully printed, and elegant in all its external appointments.

Professor W. G. Sumner's "History of American Currency" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) is an exceedingly valuable contribution to a proper understanding of the question of money, and will serve to promote the coming of that time when currency shall be recognized as controlled by scientific law. But this volume needs to be studied intelligently if we are to derive the full benefit of its lessons. There is danger, in an ordinary perusal, of confounding causes and effects; and, that this may be averted, we ought to have a corresponding volume showing how many of the phenomena, which are here attributed to paper-money, have prevailed in countries where specie has been the sole or the principal circulating medium. In truth, the domestic history of every people is replete with trade distresses, commercial crises, and periods of stagnation, which, originating either from failures of crops or over-production, have been intensified by monetary conditions. No question, moreover, can be rightly comprehended that is studied solely by the misfortunes that have pertained to it. The history of railroads, studied in this way, would give us a frightful record—appalling both financially and in its calamities; but we still build railroads, recognizing their great usefulness, despite these facts. The history of steam-navigation has also its dark side, but no one proposes, therefore, to abandon steamships. Experience must teach us what to avoid in the adjustment of a scientific currency; but this experience must be drawn

from the whole domain of finance, and not exclusively from one phase of it. Mr. Sumner's book, as we have said, is a contribution, but only this, to a study of the theme. It begins with the wampum, or "peag," which the New-England colonies adopted from the Indians, and the "barter-currency," which was one of the principal mediums of exchange among all the early settlers. He proceeds by regular chronological steps through the Continental paper period, the State bank period, and the crises of 1810, 1837, and 1857, up to the legal-tender "greenbacks," and even the inflation projects of the present congressional session. Of course, nothing more than a bare outline of such a subject could be confined within the limits of a single volume. Few readers are aware how closely and inextricably the financial question is interwoven with every period of American political history. As Professor Sumner says: "Neither the currency, nor the tariff, nor the politics, can be satisfactorily treated save as a whole. Take the statistics and review them in view of the tariff only, and your inferences are vitiated by the currency. Take the same data, and look at the currency only, and you go astray because you neglect the tariff. Neglect the political intrigues which wove the two together, and you cannot explain the motives of legislation. You argue from the authority of common conviction, when the true explanation is *log-rolling*." Even the student of politics will find the book of constant service for the light which it throws on otherwise inexplicable phenomena. In addition to the sketch of American currency, the book contains a long and valuable chapter on "The English Bank Restriction," another on "Austrian Paper-Money," and an Appendix giving the text of the famous "Bullion Report" made to Parliament in 1810.

"What is Darwinism?" by Professor Charles Hodge, of Princeton College (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), is designed as an answer to the question which its title suggests, and was written, as the author says, because "great confusion and diversity of opinion prevail as to the real views of the man whose writings have agitated the whole world, scientific and religious;" and because the question as to what Darwinism is "must take precedence of all discussion of its merits." The tendency of the book is to emphasize the antagonism between science and religion, and this is to be deplored; but it contains some valuable philosophical exposition, and many quotations, and is written throughout with the skill of a practised controversialist. As to its results, we think it fails utterly to prove that Darwin denies the operation of an efficient First Cause—an accusation which, to us, seems unintelligible, in view of certain passages in Darwin's works, several of which are here quoted. We are not helped any when we find Dr. Hodge committing himself, in different parts of his treatise, to the propositions: 1. That "Darwinism is tantamount to atheism;" 2. That Darwin himself, and the most prominent Darwinians, deny that they are atheists; and, 3. That for a man to be an atheist is rendered impossible by the "laws of his being."

"Field Ornithology," by Dr. Elliott Coues (Salem, Mass.: Naturalists' Agency), is a complete manual of instruction for procuring, preparing, and preserving birds, and will be of the utmost service to whoever desires to make a collection, or to supplement the study of ornithology with that kind of practical knowledge which can only be acquired in the fields

and woods. It begins at the beginning, and tells how to select a gun, and how to clean, load, and handle it; how to select ammunition and equipment; how to choose and train a dog; how and where to look for birds, and how to shoot them; how to clean, skin, and stuff them; how to identify, label, and arrange them in a cabinet; and how to take care of them after the collection is made. All this information is imparted by Dr. Coues, not from the mere sportsman's or collector's standpoint, or to encourage the reader in forming a "cabinet;" but to assist the student of natural history in becoming what the doctor himself is—a true ornithologist, who "goes out to study birds alive, and destroys some of them simply because that is the only way of learning their structure and technical characters." Perhaps the most valuable feature of the work is a complete "Check List of North-American Birds," prepared in strict accordance with the same author's "Key to North-American Birds," and embracing all the recent modifications, additions, and improvements in classification. The List is printed in such a way that it can be made use of in labeling a collection; and it is also issued in pamphlet form, for the benefit of such collectors as wish to keep their books intact.

The Messrs. Putnam have added to their "Handy-Book Series" an excellent little volume, the full title of which explains its contents as concisely as we could hope to do: "A Handbook of Statistics of the United States; A Record of Administrations and Events from the organization of the United States Government to the Present Time, comprising Brief Biographical Data of the Presidents, Cabinet Officers, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Members of the Continental Congress; Statements of Finances under each Administration, and other Statistical Material." The author is Mr. M. C. Spaulding, and the "other statistical material" not mentioned in the title embraces population and other returns from the late census, department officers, army and navy officers, ministers to foreign countries, foreign legations in Washington, members of the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, and tables of receipts and expenditures of the United States from 1791 to 1871. There is an apparent lack of method in the arrangement of the material, especially in the latter part of the volume, but any defects in this direction are rectified by two good indexes, and there is no doubt that the book will prove of very great service to a wide circle of readers and professional writers.

Those of our readers who failed to follow "A Daughter of Bohemia" in its passage through the JOURNAL may now spend some pleasant hours in reading it in book-form. Christian Reid has not yet given us the "great American novel" for which we are all so anxiously waiting; but, in this latest story, she displays, along with her old grace of style and dramatic vivacity of dialogue, a growing insight into the springs of human character, a more chastened use of pictorial effect and *mise en scène*, and a certain widening and elevation of her sympathies, which promise well for her future as an author. It would hardly become us to say much in its praise, but it certainly takes rank among the most readable of recent novels.

In his new lecture on the poet Longfellow, Mr. James T. Fields says: "As I happen to know something of the origin and birth of many of Longfellow's poems, let me divulge a few secrets in re-

gard to them. The 'Psalm of Life' came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows at the small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a voice from his inmost heart, and he kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to part with it. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when he was rallying from the depression of a deep affliction, and he hid the poem in his own heart for many months. He was accused of taking the famous verse, 'Art is long and time is fleeting,' from Bishop's poem, but I happen to know that was not in his mind, and that the thought came to him with as much freshness and originality as if nothing had been written before. 'There is a reaper whose name is Death' crystallized at once, without effort, in the poet's mind, and he wrote it rapidly down, with tears filling his eyes as he composed it. 'The Light of the Stars' was composed as the poet looked out upon a calm and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. The moon, a little strip of silver, was just setting behind Mount Auburn, and Mars was blazing in the south. That fine ballad, 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' was written in 1839. A violent storm had occurred the night before, and, as the poet sat smoking his pipe about midnight by the fire, the wrecked Hesperus came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but the poem had seized him, and he could not sleep. He got up and wrote the celebrated verses. 'The clock was striking three,' he said, 'when I finished the last stanza.' It did not come into his mind by lines, but by whole stanzas, hardly causing him an effort, but flowing without let or hinderance."

M. Edmond About, writing about Victor Hugo in the last *Athenaeum*, says: "No one can fail to recognize the power of Hugo's invention, the wealth of his ideas, the grandeur of his oratorical flights, and that sublimity which is the mark of a man of genius; but it is not known in Europe, nor even in France, that Victor Hugo is the most learned of men of letters. He possesses an enormous vocabulary. Out of the twenty-seven thousand words which the dictionary of the Academy contains, and six thousand of which have an individuality of their own, the language of common life employs at most about a thousand. I could mention illustrious publicists, popular dramatists, novelists, whose books are much read and much liked, none of whom has more than fifteen hundred words at his disposal. Théophile Gautier, a studious man and a *dilettante*, used to boast to his friends of possessing three thousand. 'But,' he used to add, 'I might tell to the last day of my life without attaining to the vocabulary of Hugo.' Genius apart, merely by his knowledge and use of his mother-tongue, Hugo is the Rabelais of modern days."

The *Speculator* does not share the *Cornhill's* enthusiastic admiration for Mrs. Browning's poetry. It says: "We hardly believe in her 'immortality' as a poet, and we firmly hold that occasionally, in some of those very high flights which this critic rapturously admires, she wrote nonsense, and only too often mere and seemingly-affected sentiment."

Of Mrs. Browning's lyrical poems we admire a few much, and love one, for which we would give away cheerfully all the introspection and the aspiration of 'Aurora Leigh,' and all the tall talk of the Florentine verses; it is that little gem in which the poet, without any show of effort or affectation, tells the story of 'The Swan's Nest among the Reeds.'"

The New Shakespeare Society has entered upon its work with promising vigor, and several of its members have brought forward what seems like satisfactory proof that Fletcher and Shakespeare together wrote "Henry VIII.;" that Shakespeare wrote nearly half of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and introduced every character in it; and that only the scenes in which *Katherine* and *Petruchio* appear in "Taming of the Shrew" were written by Shakespeare, the other scenes being due to the recaster of the old drama, "Taming of A Shrew."

Edmond About says, of the late M. Benié, that he was "a distinguished archaeologist, a vigorous writer, a prejudiced historian, and an unlucky politician as ever lived."

Art.

Composition Pictures at the Academy.

AMID the great variety of pictures that ornament the Academy walls, are two interesting scenes of Italian life. One of these, by Vedder, is so entirely different from any thing that we have seen from his easel, that it is only his name in the catalogue and on the canvas that convinces us that this picture, so pre-Raphaelite and decorative, can be by the same hand that painted the weird, allegorical pictures from the "Arabian Nights," or the great stone head of the Sphinx. This new departure represents a dance by a long line of persons in fancy costume of high colors, men and women in various attitudes. It has been objected to this picture in some of the newspapers, that the people all looked enough alike to be brothers and sisters, which is true to a degree, but we think their resemblance only consists in their having the same type of face, the flat, level brows of Italian women, masses of dark hair, and strong, firm shoulders. The scene is a gay one, and for decorative art the idea in it appears to be well carried out. Nearly every one can appreciate that there is a necessary and fit difference between a picture that in itself is designed to delineate a complete set of circumstances, to be its own beginning and end, and a picture that has for its aim to make a room look gayer or a hall more attractive in general appearance. In the latter instance texture may perhaps be absolutely ignored, for flat, gay tints, like those in Japanese art, or bright-colored paints sketched slightly into characteristic scenes, have more general effect in ornamenting an apartment than if the niceties of form, the aerial distances, or hard, soft, rough, and smooth surfaces were subtly contrasted. Vedder's picture is as essentially ornamental as the painting on a tile, or the decoration of a porcelain cup, and, as perfectly carrying out its own idea, it seems to us to be legitimate. Vedder has immense fertility of imagination, and we know of no artist who has his range of pictorial thought. Generally, men paint in one way, with certain limitations, but Vedder goes through a wide scale.

Another composition, of somewhat similar characteristics, is the painting, by C. C. Coleman, of a "Street in Rome, with Figures." This picture, consisting of three or four groups of Roman peasants in characteristic costumes, differs from Vedder's entirely in motive, and is a picture proper, painted for its own sake, and entirely without reference to where it should be placed, or what it should or should not serve to embellish. A long wall of brick or stone forms the background, against which old men, young girls, stout market-people, and others, are chatting and gesticulating. These people are approximately well drawn, and the stuffs that compose their dresses are distinctive in material, and rich and beautiful in hue. When looked at from a point of view sufficiently near to see the figures distinctly, the buildings and trees beyond the wall appear to be out of focus; and, to get the general effect of the whole scene, one is compelled to retire to a distance too far off to get more than a general effect of the groups of people. From this cause, the picture is defective in artistic composition, and is in reality two different pictures.

Another painting, by the same artist, is the interior of an old and richly-decorated church. Pictures, marbles, gold and silver, cover the walls profusely, and are painted with great

delicacy and detail. Without effects of atmospheric perspective, the walls appear somewhat hard and flat in color, but every such picture as this serves to bring one of the great branches of art, the architecture of Europe, nearer to people who have not seen it, and to pleasantly recall memories of such edifices to others.

Among the most pleasing and charmingly graceful pictures in the Exhibition are two or three small paintings, by Eastman Johnson. One, called "Bo-Peep," is a most graceful and spirited painting of a child, who has bound a handkerchief round her mother's eyes, the child full of life and laughter, and the mother so sweet and tender as to recall one's pleasantest impressions of such situations and such a relation. Eastman Johnson, more than any artist in New York, has the happy talent to render familiar scenes with elegance of style. His beautiful color and pleasant tone, added to spirit and completeness of conception, make his pictures popular with everybody, while to amateurs they have the solid advantage of being really wrought from a high, artistic standard. It sometimes seems to us that there is slightly an impression of *littleness* in some of his people—a fault, the reason of which it is very difficult to analyze; we know of nothing more so, nor *why* apparently the same measurements produce such different impressions on the mind of the grand or the pretty. Painting pictures in cabinet-size seems rather to develop the latter peculiarity, but we do not ourselves profess to be able to discriminate what it is that makes the peculiarity. It is only in Eastman Johnson's children, however, that we have noticed this impression of doubtful size, or have felt uncertain if his children were meant for full-sized children or *faç-simile* impressions of them in the shape of dolls. Mr. Johnson's other painting of a "Doll's Tea-Party," has the same grace and charm as the picture we have just described, and its pure, fresh tone justifies the group of admirers who continually surround it in the gallery.

Two pictures, by G. H. Boughton, have attracted very favorable comments, both from the press and from individuals. The most pleasing of these, "The Confidants," appears to us to have a much larger canvas than the subject justifies. Two young girls, with short-waisted dresses and old-fashioned bonnets, are walking through the summer fields, chatting with each other in great seriousness. Quiet English by-ways are the object of Boughton's especial interest—low hedges, gypsy camps, with iron pots slung over out-of-door fires; grassy footpaths, in which the robin-redbreast is hopping about; trees bare of leaves, and misty English skies. He loves these phases of quiet English life, and his paintings show it. But when we have said that this work shows his preference, we have said nearly all we can of his landscape. It does not seem to us well painted. There is a heavy, clumsy use of paint upon it that is positively disagreeable. With somewhat the same object that McEntee and Whitredge have in view, while they contrive to render Nature with simplicity and strength, Boughton's work is not carefully and skillfully wrought. Painting a field of grass, with the light touching its hollow surfaces, and almost appearing to be reflected from them, Boughton loads and botches his colors with the awkwardness and confusion of a tyro. His figures are freely and simply touched in, but the landscapes to his pictures appear to be the result of a series of unsuccessful experiments. In the picture of "Miles Standish and his Men," the artist has succeeded better. The figures, which are quite numerous, are larger and more varied in position than in "The Con-

fidants;" and their costumes and the character of the group, make it, if a less poetical and interesting picture than "The Confidants," at any rate more important as a painting.

Among the half-dozen paintings that are this year exhibited by E. Wood Perry, in conception and importance, the chief one is the "Venus." Mr. Perry, who is well known to us through his "Interiors of Old American Homesteads," and who last summer went to Europe to study, in Holland and Belgium, works similar in general subject to his own, became fascinated in the way common to all thinking and intelligent artists with the works of the painters of the human form. The old statues of Rome and Florence, Titian's "Venus," and other pictures, seem to have taken great hold of his imagination, and have led to studies during the past winter which have resulted in this painting of the "Venus." It does not seem to us very successful. The form is not by any means elegant or ideal, and, though the color, the shell-like pinks which accompany red-gold hair, must have been most lovely in the model, it is only here and there that Mr. Perry has caught its pell-mell and luminous tones. The feet and lower part of the legs appear to us the best parts of the picture in delicacy, light, and color. Mr. Perry has a certain monotony of touch in painting faces, and the flowing lines of the brush, which help to form the heads in Eastman Johnson's pictures, are replaced in his work by an unmeaning touch that somewhat resembles embroidery. The conception of the picture is in the highest degree pure, innocent, and dignified. No suggestion of soil degrades its unconscious modesty; and, since the best things in pictures must be judged from the heart and the soul, and not by the critical eye only, we are glad to see a painting where every element that constitutes physical charm in color has been attempted, and has been dealt with in the spirit with which one might attempt to depict a rose or a lily.

An historical fancy-picture by Viani seems to us to have trespassed on the limits of real art when a subject so horrible and sensational as this seeks to appeal to the world for favor through the charms of color, *chiaro-oscuro*, and skill in composition. The canvas is a large one, and the scene represents Veronica, the jealous wife of St. Guilelmo, who caused her rival to be murdered, and her head placed in an ornamental basket, surrounded with ruffs, to be sent to her faithless husband. Horror, in violent action, always appears to us to degrade art, and we cannot make an exception to this failing even when, as in the present case, very many artistic conditions are present. We remember a painting by Merle, exhibited here by Goupil, of a crazy girl hugging a log of wood, which she fancies was her child. The wild insanity of the woman rendered it a very painful picture, and its positive repulsiveness made it very doubtful if it should ever have been painted. But the horror of the Viani is moral, not intellectual, and, to persons not hardened by sensational novels, it excites disgust. The artistic merits are many, and we wish the subject had been other than it is.

Among the lady artists whose works have gained for them great popularity, are the lovely pages from the books of *Nature* by Miss Fidelia Bridges. A pupil of William T. Richards, she has apparently learned, through his mechanical processes, to translate her own poetical fancies and predilections. The range of her subjects in the Academy is pretty much the same as in the Water-Color Exhibition; puffy birds, tufts of weeds, and bits of sand. What Mrs. Celia Thaxter has accom-

plished with her pen, Miss Bridges has wrought by her brush. Sweet pictures, that Thoreau might have given the world had the palette been his medium, make every one acknowledge Miss Bridges as one of the purest lovers of Nature.

Two or three flower-pictures, that have a great deal of meaning, are the "Apple-Blossoms," by Miss Maria R. Oakey, and some "Primroses," by Miss Helena De Kay. Miss Oakey's picture is particularly well drawn; the irregular petals bending in and out, pink and white and tender gray, are a very sweet suggestion of early summer. The background of a bit of silk or tapestry, with the frame in the best taste of Cottier, renders this, at the same time that it is a bit of fresh Nature, most charming as household decoration.

Miss De Kay's flowers are not carried out as far as the apple-blossoms, and their want of precise form is a drawback to them. But the mass of color, the sense of texture that they give, and the subtle depth of the light and shade, make any one realize that it is with a truly artistic spirit that this little picture was made.

Music and the Drama.

The Musical Season in Boston.

THE musical season has been exceptionally rich in Boston, as it has been, indeed, in New York. The various opera engagements, with the orchestral concerts given by Mr. Thomas and the Philharmonic Society, have constituted the noteworthy features of the year in a musical sense with us. The Bostonians, however, have been favored with several remarkably good presentations of oratorios, and, by the time this writing reaches the public, the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society will have given our neighbors a magnificent climax to all their winter enjoyments of the divine art. A late number of the Boston *Gazette* has an extended *résumé* of what it claims to be justly a remarkably busy and artistic season in music, and we condense the more important features of the statement as affording matter of some general interest to those interested in art. The performances have included an unusual amount of difficult classical works, both from the old and new masters, and the liberal patronage bestowed speaks eloquently for the cultivated taste and enthusiasm of the music-loving public.

Leading, of course, in the orchestral work is the honored name of Theodore Thomas. Mr. Thomas has given twelve concerts with his regular orchestra, besides those rendered in connection with the triennial festival. In Boston, as in New York, Wagner's works have constituted an important feature of each of these entertainments, though all the other great masters have been richly taxed. The Howard Musical Association, which seems to be an institution similar in office to the New-York Philharmonic, has given ten concerts on the rigidly classical basis, the selections having been made on the most conservative and antique standard. The Boston critics have found much fault with the bigotry and narrowness of judgment which seem to have inspired the programme-making of the organization. Making all allowance for the fullest working of a pure taste, the criticism is that very much of the finest composition of the old masters has been excluded, no less than the more *bizarre* and licentious work of the modern romantic school, commencing with Weber and culminating in Liszt and Wagner. The New-

York Philharmonic, we are glad to assert, has been free from this fault, and shown on the whole an excellent judgment in its selections, though we think a little more variety would not have been objectionable even in this quarter. Mr. Carl Bergmann's well-known adherence to the romantic school of music, in common with that of his brother-conductor, Thomas, has insured us a very fair representation of the leading examples of the different styles of musical expression.

The chamber concerts of Mme. Camille Urso seem to have given great satisfaction, and to have been rich in their presentation of the minor works of the composers, many of which display as much genius and power, though of course less elevation, as the more intricate symphonic forms. In addition to these, there have been a large number of classical concerts by organizations of less general repute. Of this class of music, interpreted in a style to command the approval of the genuine lovers of good music, there have been more than one hundred, representing in their selection the finest works of about fifty composers, from the days of Bach and Scarlatti to those of Wagner, Raff, and Svendsen. In addition to these, a vast amount of solo music has been given by different *virtuosi* of distinction. Passing over the performances of the different opera troupes, among which the English Opera Company has been notable for the laurels it has won, and which have rendered all the leading works performed in New York, with the exception of Wagner's "Lohengrin," by the Strakosch Company, the oratorio-showing in Boston has been exceptionally rich, far ahead of the meagre efforts of New York in the same line. This class of musical performances has included "The Messiah," "Elijah," a new work by Mr. W. J. D. Leavitt, "The Coronation of David," and Mr. Paine's "St. Peter," since early in the season. The Handel and Haydn Society gave, at their triennial, Handel's "Messiah" and "Judas Maccabeus," Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion Music," Haydn's "Seasons," Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony with Chorus," Mendelssohn's "Christus," and "Hear my Prayer," J. K. Paine's "St. Peter," and Dudley Buck's "God is our Refuge." This superb repertory of religious music constitutes the special and distinguishing excellence of the Boston season. With a prodigal wealth of material that could be utilized for this class of music, New York has been almost absolutely barren, on account of the lack of organization. It is to be hoped that the centre of American civilization will not remain always sluggish in this direction, for in no way is a healthy and pure musical taste more perfectly marked than by its interest in "oratorio" music. New York has had a larger amount of operatic music offered it than our sister city, and has patronized it with a wholesale liberality. We are compelled, however, to acknowledge the general inferiority of the season in this city as an index of public taste and culture, however much we may take the palm in respect of mere quantity.

Oratorio of "St. John the Baptist."

Mr. McFarren's new oratorio of "St. John the Baptist" has called out such a burst of critical admiration from the ablest critics in England, that it is worth while to present to American readers a brief sketch of what are claimed to be its characteristics excellences. England has recently been quite prolific in this direction of music, and art-writers are congratulating themselves on the beginning of a general creative paroxysm in their musi-

cal history, one of those genuine upheavals of force, between whose recurring periods there is apt to be a sluggish dead level of mediocrity. Among the different works of this kind, Mr. McFarren's production is credited with certain elements of splendid originality, which stamp it as unique.

One of the palpable characteristics of the work is the distinct individuality stamped on the music of each of the characters represented in the oratorio, in other words a powerful dramatic treatment of the music. The work is divided into two parts, "The Desert" and "Macharus." The short overture is full of genius and orchestral ingenuity, though simple and massive withal. The first song of the prophet, "Repent ye," gives a key to the entire oratorio, and combines melody of an exquisite character with a certain rugged solemnity of treatment, admirably befitting the character. The different dialogues between John and the people, and the choruses of the first part, wherein the desert-life of the prophet is illustrated, are spoken of as being so graphic and vivid as to surpass in their suggestive beauty almost any thing that preceded them. Of course much allowance must be made for the enthusiasm over a native composer, who has really distinguished himself by a work of superb and undoubted merit, but the genuine conservatism and reverence for the old masters in England preclude this extravagant praise from being a mere gush of wild admiration. We are disposed to doubt, on first principles, the critical excellence of a judgment which raises any modern composer to the level of Handel and Mendelssohn, but there is a true and healthy ring about the unanimous warmth of praise in the present case, which seems to make it an exception to the rule. The closing chorus of the first part, "My Soul, praise the Lord," in its combination of vocal and instrumental effects, has never failed to arouse the ordinarily cold English audiences into a wild excitement, comparing with that so common among the impulsive Italians.

The second part of the oratorio introduces the audience to the court and palace of the voluptuary, Herod. The opening antiphonal duet between Herod and the prophet is a fine specimen of the dramatic fitness of the work, the music being admirable tone-painting, an example of *characterbild*, to use the German phrase. The different phases of Herod's feelings, his sensuous passion, rage, repentance, and remorse, are translated in the music with the same subtlety throughout. The picturesque chorus of the nobles, full of a wild Oriental quaintness and barbaric pomp, is spoken of as one of the noticeable features of the composition. Following this is a scene exceedingly difficult and delicate to treat, but which Mr. McFarren seems to have handled with great power. This is the part where Salome enters dancing, and so enraptures the king that he promises her any thing she may ask. Her score rises high above the ordinary type of dance-music, showing a certain wild barbaric quaintness and beauty, enhanced by the skillful local coloring conveyed by the orchestra. The whole scene, Salome's fierce, girlish eagerness of hate, half unconscious of its own meaning, the sorrow of the rash king, bound by his promise, the exaltation of the courtiers, and their approval of Salome's demand, are delineated with superb dramatic power and musical skill. The final *aria* of the oratorio, indicating the prophet's submissive, devotional spirit, is superbly conceived, and the awful closing scenes marked by some examples of part-writing and choral treatment which are among the gems of the oratorio.

There seems to be but one opinion: that while the composer has displayed manifold flashes of musical genius and notable scholarship in his art, his work is unique for its intense dramatic effects, an element ordinarily not expected in oratorio. Curiosity will be stimulated to hear so remarkable a work on this side of the water.

Among recent operas, public recognition of whose excellence has reached something more than a *succès d'estime*, is Ponchielli's "I Lituanî." The composer is a follower in the footsteps of Wagner, and must be set down as the ablest of the young Italian composers who have shown a decided tendency to yield to the new German art-philosophy. An able critic in *Il Trovatore*, the leading musical paper of Italy, is of such interest that we abridge from it some of its leading points. The opera on each successive evening of its performance was received with more and more applause by the Milanese public. The overture and prologue, according to *Il Trovatore*, are excellent from beginning to end, being full of noble work, at times amounting even to inspiration. The first act has all of the superb combinations of chorus and orchestra which distinguish the "Lohengrin" music, with several charming melodies. One of the duets, with its magnificent crescendo, sent the public into a rapture of enthusiasm. The second and third acts are full of effective situations and strikingly beautiful music. The story of the opera is represented to be admirably constructed, and free from all merely sentimental platitudes and triviality. It is in the orchestration, however, that the Italian critics find most to admire, this being on a level with the most ripe and brilliant composers of the time. The production of a work like this is full of interest to the musical world, if it be all that its Italian admirers claim for it. A new opera of real power and beauty we generally only expect from some world-renowned name; when it emanates, on the other hand, from a young composer, the promise of a new light surrounds the occasion with a double interest on the part of the lovers of music throughout the world.

Vienna, which is the most musically enthusiastic city in Europe, has been going mad over Adalina Patti and her operatic company, among whom are Nicolini, Scalcicci, and others. The *Neue Freie Presse* says of the company: "We must go back to the time when Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache sang together here, to find such another example of a grand *ensemble*." A correspondent writes of the effect produced by Patti as follows: "The empress, who never goes anywhere, comes to see that 'mite' of a prima donna, and testifies her delight in a most unmistakable manner. Yesterday morning came an imposing document, signed by the emperor's own hand, nominating the tiny marchioness, in recognition of her great talents, 'Kammersängerin' to the court of Vienna. Six years ago, you may remember, she had a similar honor paid to her by the Emperor of Russia, with the addition of a jeweled decoration of the Order of Merit. It is considered so great an honor for Patti, because no stranger ever gets nominated Kammer-sängerin unless she sings habitually at the Grand-Opera, which Patti never has done—merely in Italian opera. The little marchioness has been very fortunate this season in gifts both in Russia and St. Petersburg, such bracelets of solitaire diamonds, a brooch of enormous black pearls surrounded with diamonds, and other gifts of great value that I have spoken before."

The *Sunday Times* (London) gives the following unmixed "gush" over Tietjens in "Fidelio": "Opera-goers of this generation have known but one real *Fidelio*, and in the person of Mdlle. Tietjens have beheld that glorious conception gloriously realized. It must be their lasting delight

that the unrivaled powers of this magnificent artist appear to glow with fresh lustre as age adds maturity to their achievements, without detracting from their beauty or their vigor. Never was the *Fidelio* of Mdlle. Tietjens more superb—more perfect—than on Saturday last. To those wonderful vocal resources which appear perennially juvenescent, Mdlle. Tietjens contributed an energy and force perfectly unexpected. To recapitulate her performance in detail would necessitate a much greater expenditure of words than are now ours to bestow; it is our preference, moreover, to take her *Fidelio* as a comprehensive whole, and to speak of it as such. It was Tom Hood's modest wish that his epitaph might be the simple announcement that "He sung 'The Song of the Shirt'." The lasting record of Tietjens's greatness, whenever it is needed, might aptly be, "She was *Fidelio*."

"Wig and Gown," by Mr. Albery, and "The Thumbscrew," by Mr. Byron, are new plays on the London boards, written expressly to afford two popular comedians opportunities to display their comic talents. The *Times* points out an unintentional but broad resemblance between the two plays. "Both," it says, "have obviously been written for the sake of the actor who sustains the comic part, and who in one case is Mr. J. S. Clarke, in the other Mr. J. L. Toole; in both the comic part is that of a starving lawyer, with a large family, in one case a solicitor, barrister in the other, and awakens a lively reminiscence of Mr. Micawber; in both the plot hinges on the claim of an imposter to a large estate. There is, however, this difference in the treatment of what may loosely be called a common theme: Mr. Byron seems to have thought that, while writing a piece in five acts, however short, he was about to attempt exciting a serious interest, even if he did not succeed. Mr. Albery has been manifestly convinced that the one purpose of his piece is to be droll, frivolous if you will, absurd if you will, but, at all events, unmistakably droll."

An English opponent of the new romantic school of music, which professes to reform artistic error, says: "How thankful ought we to be for what Wagner calls an 'artistic error'! To it we owe the intellectual wealth of Bach, the gaiety and humor of Haydn, the tenderness and grace of Mozart, the sublimity and pathos of Beethoven, the refined beauty of Mendelssohn, the artless song of Schubert, and the fervent, soul-revealing poetry of Schumann. If these things be the results of 'artistic error,' let us cling to error, and reject the truth. At any rate, let us not proclaim the doom of music as a separate art, at the bidding of one who, having a mission, seeks to magnify its importance, and who, being at the head of a movement, would make the little sphere in which he works comprise the whole world."

Science and Invention.

A RECENT number of *The Lens* contains an article on "Webb's Test, and Other Fine Writing on Glass," by J. J. Woodward, from which we learn that the Army Medical Museum has received from William Webb, of London, two samples of his fine writing on glass, intended to serve as test-objects for high-pressure objectives. These samples consist of the Lord's Prayer, written in full, together with four descriptive lines. In each sample the writing, which is made with a diamond-point, is on the under surface of a thin glass cover, mounted on an ordinary glass slide. It is to the extreme delicacy of this work that we would direct attention; and, were it not that the description is from an authentic source, we might be led to question the possibility of attaining such results by means purely mechanical; for, be it remembered, this inscription is not a reduced photographic copy, but an actual piece of engraving, effected by mechanical means, the instrument being, as stated, a diamond-pointed pencil. The follow-

ing is the inscription engraved on each slide, and will serve to define the work itself: "Webb's Test—The Lord's Prayer, 227 letters, in the $\frac{1}{16} \times \frac{1}{16}$ of an inch, or the $\frac{1}{16} \times \frac{1}{16}$ of a square inch, and at the rate of 29,481,458 letters to an inch, which is more than eight Bibles, the Bible containing 3,566,480 letters." Astounding as this statement may appear, there is yet evidence that Mr. Webb has been outdone by another worker in this field. Mr. N. Peters, a London banker, having been attracted by the microscopic writing and engraving of Froment, of Paris, devised a machine by which he produced writing still more minute. This machine is described as consisting essentially of a single tolerably heavy lever, suspended vertically, the lower or long arm of the lever being connected by suitable devices with a pen or pencil, while the upper or short arm bore the diamond-point. Any motion of the lower pencil would be repeated in the opposite direction, and in reduced length, by the diamond-point above. With machine constructed on this general plan, though with a compound lever, Mr. Peters was able to produce letters so fine that, in similar characters, the Bible and Testament together would be written twenty-two times in the space of one English square inch!

We are indebted to the *English Mechanic* for the following concise description of Mr. Spence's method for the utilization of waste steam. As the suggestions have been severely criticised, and as the question remains yet to be verified, we will defer comment until the facts, if indeed there be any, are fully substantiated: "This method," says the writer, "is founded upon a discovery made by the father of the inventor, and announced by him to the British Association at its meeting at Exeter in 1869. The discovery was that steam liberated at atmospheric pressure—that is, at a temperature of 212° Fahr.—and passed into any saline solution having a boiling temperature higher than that of water, would raise this saline solution to its own boiling-point. Thus, as Mr. Spence showed experimentally, if we take a solution of nitrate of soda, which boils at 250°, and if we blow into that solution steam at 212°, the temperature of the solution will be raised to 250°, the steam being condensed and yielding its heat. The explanation seems to be that the salt has a stronger affinity for the water in the steam than the heat has for it as vapor. The water is therefore seized by the salt, and the latent heat is evolved as heat of temperature. A single cubic inch of water made into steam at 212° will raise six cubic inches of water from 32° to 212°, which shows the enormous amount of latent heat that steam contains. In utilizing the exhaust steam (at 212°) from a high-pressure engine, Mr. Spence brings it into contact with a solution that has a boiling temperature higher than that of water. For this purpose he prefers to use a solution of caustic soda, on account of its high boiling-point, and because it is not liable to act injuriously upon iron. The exhaust steam will raise a solution of caustic soda to a temperature of 375° (more or less, according to its density), and the heated solution is then circulated through pipes in an ordinary boiler, and its heat is radiated, for the purpose of generating steam in the place of heat derived from fresh fuel. If the boiler is at a pressure of thirty pounds, the solution will leave it at a temperature of 250°, so that 125° of heat would have been radiated to the water. The solution having been to some extent diluted by the condensation at the exhaust steam, its capacity for heat will be reduced in

a corresponding degree; and if steam at 212° were again blown through it, it would not reach the same temperature as before. It is therefore passed into another boiler of ordinary construction, where it takes the place of water, and is concentrated by steam being generated from it."

A marked result of the recent extended deep-sea and meteorological observations appears in the many improved devices for obtaining marine and atmospheric temperatures. There seems to have been little difficulty in obtaining sensitive and accurate instruments for land service, as these in most instances are stationary, and under the eye of the observer. With the deep-sea thermometer, however, the conditions are changed. Not only should this instrument be self-recording, but strongly made, and not liable to be thrown out of adjustment by the rough treatment to which it is subjected. Another important feature is, that if the temperature is warmer than that through which the thermometer subsequently passes, there may be no trouble in securing the desired record.

It was with a view to compassing this desired end that Messrs. Negretti and Zambra constructed the instrument here illustrated.

This instrument, as described in *Nature*, consists of what is properly a siphon-shaped thermometer, with parallel legs, and having a continuous communication, as shown on this figure.

The scale is pivoted in a centre, and the whole instrument is attached to a metal or wooden fan, in such a manner that, when the direction is reversed or checked, the thermometer is made to revolve once around upon the central pivot. When thrown overboard, attached to the lead or dredging-line, the whole goes downward, bulb foremost, that is, with all the mercury in the left-hand bulb and column. Here it rises or falls according to the temperature of the stratum through which it passes. As soon, however, as the downward movement is checked, or a reverse motion given to the line, the rudder to which we have referred makes a backward turn, by this revolving the thermometer; this causes the mercury which was in the left-hand column to pass first into the widened space, in the curve of the column, and then into the right-hand tube, where it remains in the position shown in the figure. As this tube is fitted with a graduated scale, the exact temperature at which the mercury stood when the instrument was reversed may be read. Though designed chiefly for deep-sea soundings, it is evident that by attaching one or more

of these instruments to a system of time-pieces, the observer may obtain hourly records of the temperature, the only adjustment being the reversal of the instrument after the record is secured. In order to prevent the mercury in the main bulb from going over with that in the tube above it, a small glass plug is inserted, which breaks the column at that point, permitting only the mercury above it, and which has already passed beyond it, to go over.

M. Gaston Tessandier, desiring to accurately determine the amount of dust-particles con-

tained in the air, adopted the following simple but effective method: Having filled a glass tube with gun-cotton, he caused to be drawn or sucked through it, by means of a graduated aspirator, a given measure of atmospheric air. In its passage through the tube the dust-particles were retained by the gun-cotton, which acted the part of a filter. The gun-cotton, on being removed, was then treated with ether, by which it was completely dissolved, the dust-particles remaining unharmed. As a result of these observations, it was discovered that, after a heavy rain, thirty-five cubic feet of air contained about one grain of these dust-particles; in dry weather, this amount was increased to about two and one-half grains. An examination of this dust determined about one-third of it to be organic, one-third silicious, and the remaining third undefined, containing sulphate and oxide of iron. As of value in this connection, the observations of M. Nordenskjöld on "Carbonaceous Dust, with Metallic Iron, observed in Snow," will prove of interest. This powder was collected from snow obtained in a desert district in Finland, and from snow-ice secured during an arctic voyage. In both instances, the collected particles of fusion yielded a grayish residue, "consisting mostly of diatoms, whole or injured, but the black specks, a quarter of a millimetre in size, contained metallic iron covered with oxide of iron, and probably also carbon." Although conducted independently, it is evident that the two sets of results above noticed are of kindred nature, and, as they relate to the purity of "the air we breathe," they cannot but be regarded as having an important bearing on several hygienic questions.

Mr. D. Maclaren, chairman of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, believes that he has discovered the true cause of the recent disastrous famine in Bengal. It appears that the Finance Department in India, in order to cheapen the price of opium, and compete with the Chinese poppy-growers, have given such encouragement to the natives of Bengal, that, of the limited area suitable for growing wheat in that country, over four hundred thousand acres are taken up by the opium-crop. Had this valuable land been made to yield its quota of wheat instead of poppy-seeds, not only would the moral and physical condition of the people be greatly improved, but there would now be in store a full supply of nourishing food.

There is probably no question in practical science which has given rise to the discussion that has been advanced in favor or against the use of the several well-known disinfectants. The latest and most forcible of these opposing opinions is that advanced against carbolic acid by Jerome Cochran, M. D., Professor of Hygiene and Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical College of Alabama. As the period for the use of these valued preventives approaches, the views of a careful observer merit thoughtful attention, and certainly, if Professor Cochran be not culpably mistaken, there is need that an immediate reform be instituted as to the use of this hitherto acknowledged disinfectant.

According to Dr. Hoffman, there may be obtained from the juice of the fir, between wood and bark, a crystalline substance, called coniferin, which, when treated with the proper oxidizing agents, is converted into vanillin, the essential principle of vanilla. It is also estimated that the juice of an ordinary spruce-fir tree contains what is equivalent to twenty-five dollars' worth of vanillin. Should these opinions be substantiated by experiment, the

effect on the vanilla-trade will be immediate and disastrous.

The French expedition, which has been exploring Terra del Fuego, report the discovery of a lake, fifteen miles in circumference, surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, and abounding in ducks, geese, and other wild-fowl. The inhabitants are described as a rude but hospitable people. Among the relics that one of the women had preserved with great care was the lid of a sardine-box. This, although highly prized, was at last parted with in return for a generous gift of sugar and common handkerchiefs.

With the announcement that the Versailles National Assembly have voted for the benefit of the coming transit of Venus observations, a supplementary credit of four thousand pounds, comes the astounding statement that the six clerical members who voted in the negative are said to have so done because "they are not believers in the Copernican theory, and have no faith in the astronomical observations."

The French Government have conferred a pension of ten thousand francs upon M. Pasteur, in consideration of his services to science and industry. The nature of these services, so far as they relate to the vine-disease and its remedy, has been fully explained to our readers.

The weight of Professor Agassiz's brain, as determined by Dr. Wyman, who made the autopsy, was fifty-three and four-tenths ounces. This brings it above the average, though not in any way remarkable.

Contemporary Sayings.

BAYARD TAYLOR, writing from Alexandria, Egypt, says that the most remarkable change since his visit there twenty years ago is "the astonishing spread of the English language within the last twenty years, resulting both from the numbers of English and American travelers who visit the East, and the use of the language by travelers of other nationalities. French, which until the last few years was indispensable, has been slowly fading into the background, and is already available than English for Italy and all the Orient. I was a little surprised in Rome at being accosted by a native boot-black with 'Shine up your boots?' In Naples, every peddler of canes, coraci, photographs, and shell-fish, knows at least enough to make a good bargain; but this is nothing to what one meets in Egypt. The bright-witted boys learn the language with amazing rapidity, and are so apt at guessing what they do not literally understand, that the traveler no longer requires an interpreter. At the base of Pompey's Pillar to-day a ragged and dirty little girl came out of a felucca and followed us, crying, 'Give me ha'penny!'"

A correspondent of the *Herald* expresses himself in regard to cremation as follows: "Among the ancient heathen and the fire-worshippers this abnormal custom, at once so shocking and revolting to sensitive natures, may have well found favor; but with us, who live in a more advanced age, and have all the advantages of free schools, lager beer, the proposed Brooklyn Bridge, the Committee of Fifty, the Grange movement, currency inflation, the temperance women, the Arkansas mud-dle, the Tichborne claimant, the French Republic, and other truly beneficent blessings, I should say that the man who could deliberately offer his *corpus* a willing sacrifice to the blistering flames must be an undoubted exemplification of the truth of the Darwinian theory." Connection here is not easy to establish—but no matter.

"The reason," writes the *Saturday Review*, "why it is not desirable that women should be in-



vited or compelled to exert themselves in public life is, not that they are intellectually inferior to men, but that they have other functions to perform which they would not perform satisfactorily if they added this other burden to their lives. Dr. Livingstone remarked, in the last letter he wrote, that, though some women might fancy it was very nice to vote, if they were only once laid hold of and compelled to vote, they would soon be sick of it. We suspect this is already the experience of many women who are pestered and persecuted at school-board elections; and it is impossible to exaggerate the amount of exquisite torture to which a modest and sensitive woman may be subjected through the entreaties or menaces of rival can-vassers."

"A day or two since," says the *Tribune* of April 29th, "the survivors of the war in the South decorated the graves of their dead with tributes of affectionate remembrance. Only a little while ago this was regarded as a dangerous and criminal act by many Northern people. The natural tolerance of the American has now so far asserted itself that this week the officers and men of the United States Army, stationed in the vicinity of these proceedings, have asked permission to take part in them, and have deposited upon the graves of their late adversaries the crowns and crosses which typify a divided glory and a common faith in immortality. We do not expect to hear any denunciations of this graceful and becoming act of brave men toward their fallen adversaries."

"If Congress," says the *London Spectator*, "could make all liquor contraband unless imported, it would probably do more good than any teetotal crusade." This suggestion is rather severe in view of our hopes for American wines. The *Spectator* adds that this "would extinguish the sale of 'Bourbon,' the rye-whiskey which is the curse of America." Not to speak of the confusion here in kinds of whiskies, it may be said that the adulterated foreign liquors are quite as much our curse as any thing else.

"The working-man," according to the *San Francisco News-Letter*, "is bumptious again. Unhappily, it is the normal condition of the working-man to be bumptious. He enjoys nothing so much as a little misery. He likes to howl for work, and snarl at the capitalists, but nothing makes him so roaring mad as to get it. He enjoys panics, hard times, and soup-tickets. He would be completely prostrated if his eight-hour demands are acceded to. The working-man, without a bone of contention, would be like a baby without a thumb to suck."

"The Swedish literature," says a writer in the *Galaxy*, "produces yearly more lyrical poetry than the whole world would be able to consume. Every student publishes a volume of poems, love-songs, drinking-songs, war-songs, and ballads, and the burden of all these songs is invariably that the world is a masterpiece of dazzling splendor and beauty, with only one single exception, namely, the unhappy poet himself."

Mr. Beecher says: "I have a great many friends in Rome—the pope among them. He could not come to see me, but I had just as lief go and see him. He would say I am orthodox, but I really believe he is orthodox himself, and I would ordain him and let him preach here if he asked me the privilege."

It is suggested that when cremation becomes established, telegraph-dispatches like the following will be common: "Dear mother, William died this morning; ashes by mail. Yours, in sorrow, John Smith."

"Mrs. Grundy," we are told, "decidedly objects to cremation, for, if there is any thing she does like, it's a nice, respectable funeral." But why wouldn't a nice, respectable burning do as well? It would certainly be more harrowing, and hence interesting.

Mr. Field says that Longfellow is more read than any other living poet. His books are more widely circulated and bring more copyright than any other written in English verse.

"Some scholars," says Mr. Field, in his lectures on Longfellow, "never carry their understandings about them, but leave them dozing on their library-shelves."

"It is melancholy to reflect," says the *Saturday Review*, "how much even educated women still cling to the beads and feathers of the primitive savage."

The Record.

4 WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

APRIL 23.—A famine reported in Anatolia, Asia Minor.

Much suffering caused in Louisiana by the overflow of the Mississippi. Many of the finest plantations under water.

Advices from Little Rock, Ark.: Secretary of State Johnson demands the possession of his office and the State property, but the claimant Brooks refuses to recognize him as Secretary.

APRIL 24.—Advices from Madrid: Report that the Carlists have released all their prisoners of war. Three million reals intended for Carlists have been seized in Santander.

Cable communication reopened between the West Indies and United States.

A revolution feared in Hayti. A political geographical division; the north has its candidate for the presidency, but President Nissage is pledged to deliver the presidency to General Donegue, the Vice-president, who is the southern candidate.

Three men killed and several wounded by the falling of a building in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Advices from Honolulu, S. I.: Queen Emma, the defeated candidate for the throne, plotting to overthrow Kalakaua, is said to have appealed to Queen Victoria for assistance.

Death of Professor John Phillips, long known as one of the leading geologists of Great Britain; aged 74.

APRIL 25.—The trouble in Arkansas still continues. All overtures of peace refused by Brooks. Jefferson County placed under martial law.

The steamship Faraday is loading with the new Atlantic cable, which is to be laid direct to the United States.

Two railway accidents in England, causing the death and injury of twenty persons.

APRIL 26.—Advices from Madrid: Rumor current that the Carlists have asked Marshal Serrano for an amnesty.

The Emperor of Germany closed the Reichstag in person with a formal speech.

Heavy snow in Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. Considerable damage done to shipping by a heavy gale.

Death, at Poughkeepsie, of Professor S. L. Walker, one of the first in this country to make pictures from sunlight. Death, at Naples, of Prince Pignatelli, a well-known diplomatist; aged 93.

APRIL 27.—A "whiskey crusade" inaugurated in Manchester, England.

Advices from Spain: General Valles, with 6,000 men, has taken possession of the town of Cheila, 28 miles northwest of Valencia.

Advices from Aachen: On the 11th inst., unsuccessful attack by natives on the Dutch positions. On the 16th natives attempted to carry the works of the Kraton, but were driven back, with great slaughter.

Death, at New York, of the Rev. John McLeod, D. D., of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; aged 68.

Large fire at St. John's, N. B.

APRIL 28.—Several persons killed by the falling of three buildings in London.

Three men buried under a falling embankment of sand, at College Point, L. I.

Several buildings burned at Ottawa, Canada.

Sovereignty of the Fejeo Islands tendered to Queen Victoria.

Death, at Philadelphia, of John Bohlen, well-known citizen of that city.

APRIL 29.—Advices from Spain that General Concha is moving in the direction of Valmaseda, south of Bilbao, in order to strike Carlists in the rear; Serrano to attack from front.

Advices from Japan: Insurrection on the island of Kiao-Sion; insurgents marching on Nagasaki.

Advices from Mexico: Lopez, well-known revolutionary, assassinated at Tezontepec. Ezequiel Bedo has resigned the governorship of San Luis Potosi.

Advices of a great flood at Bagdad, in consequence of an overflow of the Tigris.

Advices of death of M. Sarras, French journalist and *Attentat*, aged 84; of John Bunnin Derbyshire, English poet, aged 88; of Andrew Archibald Paton, Oriental traveler and author, British consul at Rangoon, aged 63.

APRIL 30.—Collision in Arkansas between partisans of the gubernatorial contestants: a party of Brooks's men, committing depredations in Jefferson County, were assaulted by two hundred Baxter men, and dispersed: nine men killed.

Waltz, under sentence of death for murder at Catakill, N. Y., kills his keeper with an iron bar.

Family, by name of Hammet, six in all, burned to death near Pittsburg, in conflagration of the homestead; there is evidence of incendiarism and foul play.

Notices.

TEN YEARS OLD.—Ten years ago, the first day of April, 1864, the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY issued its first policy. Since then it has written over three hundred thousand accident policies, and continues to write them at the average rate of one hundred per day. It has paid the claims of its accident policy-holders to the number of nearly twenty thousand, and disbursed among them about two millions in cash. It has also written eighteen thousand five hundred full life policies, and occupies an honorable rank among sound and progressive American life companies.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—To the Capitalist, the lands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company offer a safe and paying investment. A rapid enhancement in their value is inevitable, and large profits are certain to be realized. It is a well-established fact that the wealth of this country is largely due to the rise in value of real estate. Many persons have acquired fortunes within the course of a few years, by judicious investments in Western lands. Never was there a more favorable opportunity for such investments than the one now presented. The Union Pacific and branch Railroads already intersect these lands, and other railheads are projected and in progress of construction. Emigration from the Eastern States and from Europe is largely in advance of any previous year, and is steadily increasing in numbers and improving in the character of the emigrants. Money invested in lands at the present low rates cannot fail to produce, in the course of three or four years, a profit from one to five hundred per cent. To the mechanic or laboring-man, who by a careful economy is able to lay by a small annual saving, the long-credit system presents a rare opportunity to secure a home and make provision for the future support of himself and family. The money invested in land is not affected by "revulsions," nor liable to the fluctuations of "stocks." The credit system gives the man of limited means an equal chance with the capitalist to avail himself of the present low prices, and, by the payment of a small annual sum, to become in five years the owner of a farm, and the possessor of a competence and independence for all future time.

Maps showing lands for sale, with the prices corrected up to the latest date, also Descriptive Pamphlet, with new maps, published in English, German, Swedish, Danish, French, Dutch, and Bohemian, furnished gratuitously on application to the Land Department, or mailed free to any address. Address O. F. DAVIS, Land Commissioner, U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

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